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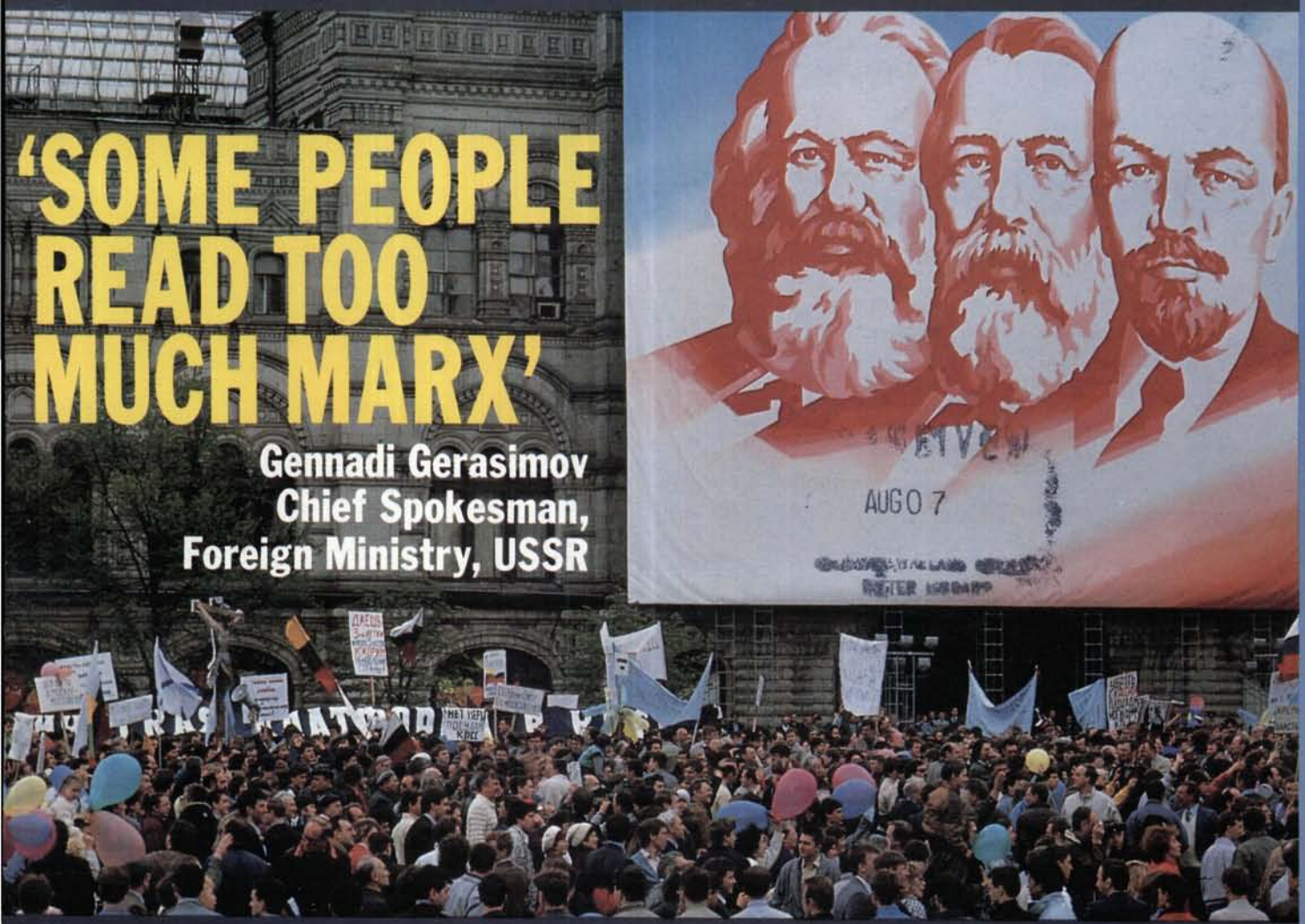
LIFE AFTER BRENNAN

The Hazards of David Duke

NATIONAL REVIEW



'SOME PEOPLE READ TOO MUCH MARX'

Gennadi Gerasimov
Chief Spokesman,
Foreign Ministry, USSR

NR VISITS LONDON, PRAGUE, BUDAPEST, MOSCOW, ROME

Commentary by
Wm. F. Buckley Jr, Priscilla L. Buckley
John O'Sullivan, Wick Allison

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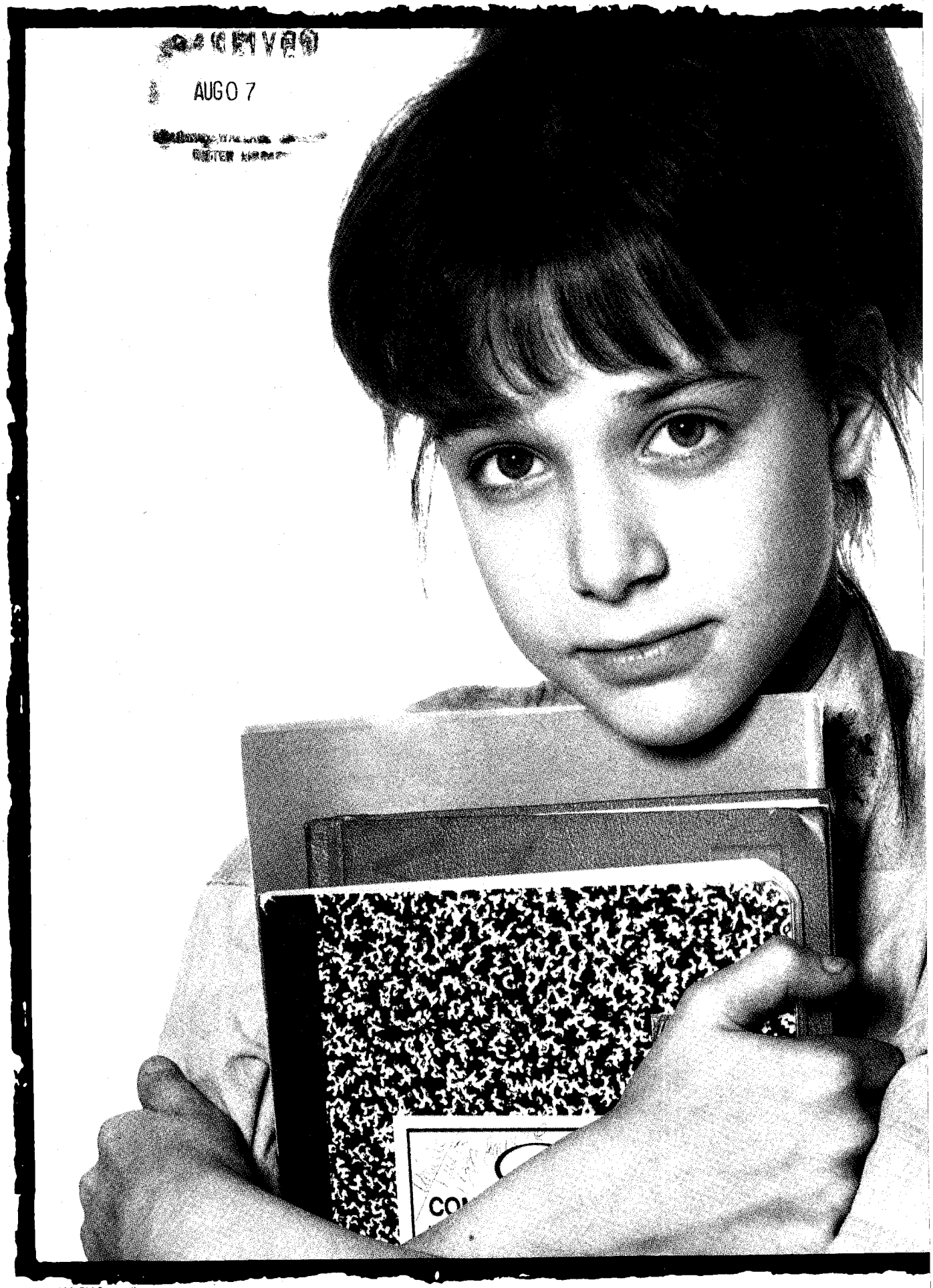

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"Grown-ups tell us, 'Just say no.' That's easy for them to say."

"Maybe they forgot what it's like.

"At parties, at school, kids are saying to try this or do that, and they're my friends. I mean how many times can I hear I'm a loser.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

AUGUST 20, 1990 VOL. XLII, NO. 16

Cover Story

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Having called for the end of Communism for 35 years, *NR*'s editors decided to see it for themselves. **Priscilla L. Buckley** reports on the ten-day jaunt to London, Prague, Budapest, Moscow, and Rome: West and East, Europeans are still debating just which future is likely to work. Editor-in-chief **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** and publisher **Wick Allison** add their comments. Plus: Our interview with Gennadi Gerasimov, spokesman for the Soviet Foreign Ministry.

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39 ***Faith and/or Reason***
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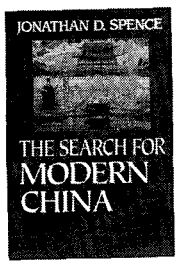

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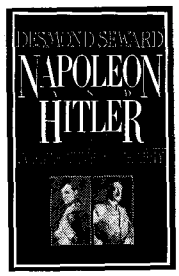

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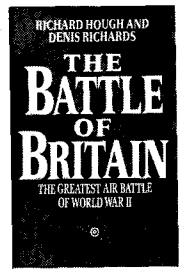

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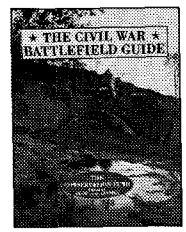

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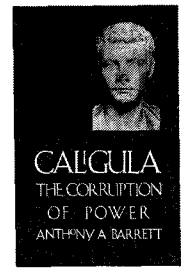

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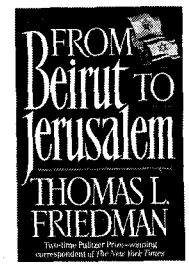

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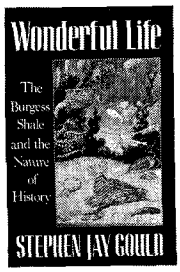

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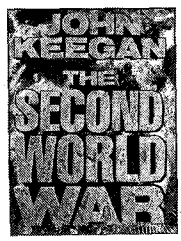

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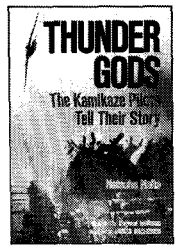

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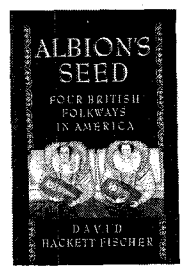

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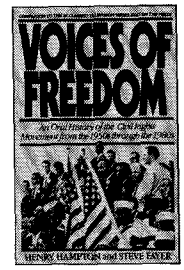

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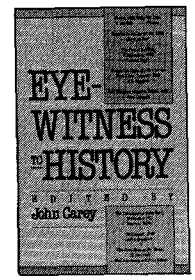

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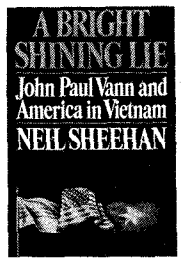

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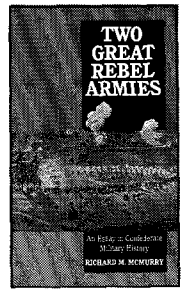

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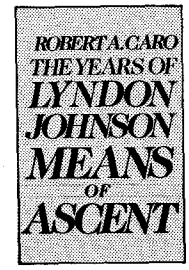

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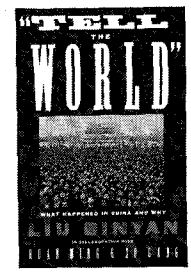

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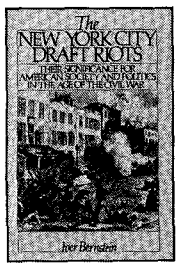

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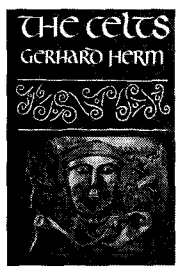

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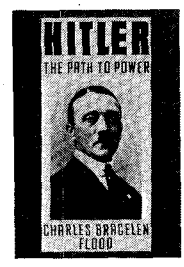

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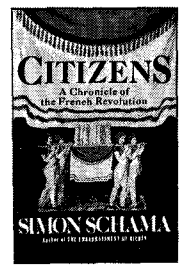

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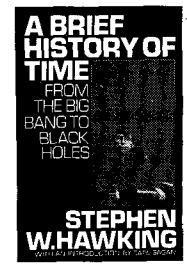

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LETTERS

Missed, but Not Forgotten

In your July 23 issue ["The Week"], you published the list of those members of the House and Senate who have signed the Americans for Tax Reform Taxpayer Protection Pledge. Through an error on our part, the names of Senator Dan Coats (R., Ind.) and Representative Bill Schuette (R., Mich.) were inadvertently omitted.

Congressman Schuette and Senator Coats have long been supporters of anti-tax efforts, and they have signed the pledge for every Congress since it was introduced in 1986.

We have no doubts about their commitment to holding the line on taxes.

Peter Roff
Executive Director
Americans for Tax Reform
Washington, D.C.

Peyote Questions

Richard John Neuhaus ["Church, State, and Peyote," June 11] states that "The men argued that Oregon violated their First Amendment right to the 'free exercise' of religion. (The Religion Clause, extended to the states under the Fourteenth Amendment, reads: 'Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.')" However, the Fourteenth Amendment (ratified in 1868) did not immediately extend the First Amendment to the states as he seems to imply. According to A. James Reichley in *Religion and the Constitution*, the free exercise and establishment clauses were not extended to the states until the *Cantwell* v. *Connecticut* decision in 1940. Further, Michael J. Mablin writes in *Religion and Politics: The Intentions of the Authors of the First Amendment* that "While there is less documentary evidence on free exercise than on establishment, the framers unquestionably denied that anyone had a *right* to claim an exemption from a valid, secularly based law because of a religious objection to it. Legislatures were encouraged to grant exemptions, but they were not required to do so."

So it seems that Justice O'Connor's opinion is based on the last fifty years of activist judicial erosion of states' rights brought about by the ever-increasing scope of the Fourteenth Amendment, which she terms "well-settled First Amendment jurisprudence." It then also seems that Justice Scalia's opinion seeks to restore some of the states' original jurisdiction in matters of religion and (possibly) speech. Save for the Supreme Court's gradual intrusion into the political relationship between the citizens and their state governments, issues like pornography, flag-burning, educational vouchers payable to sectarian schools, *ad nauseam*, need never have been addressed at the federal level.

Claiming that "*Smith* lays the theoretical groundwork for a massive expansion of state power," Pastor Neuhaus ignores the fact that each state has a constitution which can handle the issues of free expression and establishment in its own right. So *Smith* doesn't lay any groundwork; rather, it cedes legal territory to the states. This is clearly an area which the Founders left between the people and their respective state governments.

William A. Bralick Jr.
State College, Pa.

A Message in a Balloon

In the last few sentences of the item dealing with TV Martí ["Off the Record," May 14], Cato says that these broadcasts to Cuba are making technological history in that they are sent across the open ocean over a great distance.

I would like to point out that as early as 1954, as the result of the ingenuity of a couple of Cuban electronic engineers, a Cuban TV station—CMQ-TV—did just the same thing, except that instead of a balloon, a DC-3 circled at a point in the Straits of Florida, and retransmitted that year's World Series for the enjoyment of Cuban baseball fans.

This exercise was repeated for a couple of years, and during one of those Series a game went into extra innings. Fortunately for the flying TV station the game ended before the fuel.

Juan Valdes-Pages
Coral Gables, Fla.

Confusing Walpoles

Horace Walpole was admittedly a prolific eighteenth-century letter-writer, but the aphorism that you attribute to him ["The Week," "Mandelamania," July 9], "They now ring their bells, but they will soon wring their hands," is more appropriately attributed to his father, Sir Robert Walpole. The occasion in 1739 was not a coming revolution, but a war with Spain into which British public opinion had pushed the prime minister against his better judgment. His prophecy proved accurate.

Walter L. Arnstein
Champaign, Ill.

Whose Intentions?

Harry Jaffa begins his latest "critique" of Judge Bork ["The Closing of the Conservative Mind," July 9] with the baseless argument that the original intention of the Framers of the Constitution was to enact the principles of the Declaration of Independence. In support of this argu-

"Gilbert is livid. He lost his grant money without being controversial."

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ment, he quotes resolutions of the Republican Party platform of 1860, written by members of a political party that did not exist when the Constitution was adopted seven decades earlier. Professor Jaffa quotes Justice Marshall's opinion in *Ogden* v. *Sanders*, asserting that it was the Framers' intention to prevent the impairment of commercial intercourse by the states, and concludes that Marshall "left no room for doubt that it was a proper function of the Court" to impose restraints on state regulation.

The Framers understood that to protect inalienable rights, the Constitution had to provide a structure for government that would preclude tyranny: hence the separation of powers. In *Ogden* v. *Sanders*, it was the Constitution, not the Court, that imposed restraints on state regulation of commerce. The Supreme Court was given the task of interpreting those restraints. And it was the states that were responsible for enforcing the will of the court.

Professor Jaffa chides Judge Bork for calling the *Dred Scott* decision a product of judicial activism. Professor Jaffa argues that because the Constitution acknowledges slavery as a legal institution in at least some states, slaves were clearly property protected by the Fifth Amendment, as Justice Taney concluded. Professor Jaffa ignores the fact that, although the Constitution acknowledged legal slavery and forbade government confiscation of property without just compensation, the states retained the power to define property rights and determine the legality of slavery within their borders. The Bill of Rights forbade individual deprivations of certain rights, but the Constitution trusted the political process to determine the ground rules.

Professor Jaffa believes that the Court should, in *Dred Scott*, have granted the "constitutional" rights of the Declaration of Independence to all persons by abolishing slavery. It is a shame that he could not have discussed his theory with President Lincoln. After all, the drafters of the 1860 Republican platform thought a civil war and constitutional amendments were required to resolve these matters.

William H. Pryor Jr.
Birmingham, Ala.

Where Credit's Due

NATIONAL REVIEW correctly links the dystopian vision of a world divided into three powerful, antagonistic blocs, headed by the United States, Germany, and Japan, to George Orwell ["The U.S. and Europe: Changing Partners," "The Week," Aug. 6]. But the author of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* did not come up with this vision himself. Rather, he took it from longtime *NR* senior editor James Burnham, who, seven years before *Nineteen Eighty-Four* was published, predicted just such a world in his oracular classic, *The Managerial Revolution*.

Daniel Kelly
Department of History
York College
Jamaica, N.Y.

Mary Jane's Figures

Brad Miner uses data derived from testing rhesus monkeys who smoked the "monkey equivalent of two or three joints per day" to support his case against marijuana ["How Sweet Is Mary Jane?" June 25]. If we are to assume that this phrase means that monkeys were given an amount of pot reckoned to have the same physiological and psychoactive effect as two or three joints would have on an adult male, then the methodology of the experiment is derelict. Since the purpose of the experiment was to determine the effects of marijuana, the researchers would have added an utterly arbitrary variable into the experiment design when they attempted to calibrate the "monkey joints."

There is no such thing as an average joint. The size of a joint depends on the amount and potency of the marijuana, its consistency, the size and strength of the paper, and the manual dexterity of the person rolling it.

Almost all the studies of marijuana's negative effects assume a volume of consumption that would be considered abhorrent and abusive if the substance were alcohol. The person who smokes three joints a day is damaging himself, as is the person who drinks a six-pack a day.

The fact that pot abolitionists have to use meretricious and exaggerated examples to make their point is proof that Milton Friedman and the folks at NORML are correct: Legalize, regulate, tax.

Paul Karl Lukacs
Boston, Mass.

My argument used some technical data to make a non-technical point: that marijuana is not *harmless. Apparently Mr. Lukacs doesn't want to face that fact. Researchers know plenty about pot's effects on people, and have demonstrated that pot causes brain-cell damage in rhesus monkeys. Comparability between humans and monkeys is hardly precise, but the death of monkey brain cells ought to be a warning to people smoking dope.*

—ABM

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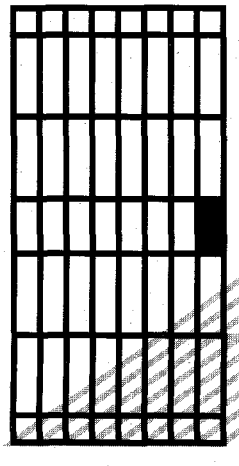

BETWEEN PRISON AND PROBATION

INTERMEDIATE PUNISHMENTS IN A RATIONAL SENTENCING SYSTEM

Published by Oxford University Press

NORVAL MORRIS and MICHAEL TONRY

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FROM THE EDITOR

Alice and a Whiffenpoof Visit the Workers' Paradise

■ When Alice woke up, she found herself in the middle of a crowd of people who all looked exactly alike.

"We're Collective Man," said one, introducing himselves. "I'm Tweedledum, and he's Tweedledee, and so on and so forth down to Tweedlediddle. Communists, you know—a vanishing breed. They keep a few of us in zoos like Harvard and Berkeley, but we've been endangered here ever since they brought in elections. If you can get elected, why be a Communist?"

As he spoke, the crowd kept getting smaller and smaller until he was the only one left. Then, just as Alice was asking a hard question, he faded too, until all that was left was the Smile on the face of a Cheshire Candidate.

"Oh, I've just been elected to something important," he said—and the Smile vanished too.

"How very like a congressman," said Alice and walked on. Soon she came to a large sign that said: QUIET PLEASE. SOCIALISM UNDER CONSTRUCTION, where workmen were building without bricks and digging without spades.

"They're pretending to work," said a small man wearing a cap labeled Commissar. "We pay them in kind." And, signing their salary checks with invisible ink, he began to sing.

Beware the Stakhanov, my son,
The norms that lie to break the back.
Embrace the Oblomov, nor shun
The frabjous slumberjack.

"Quite absurd," said Alice.

"Exactly. And contrariwise," replied the Commissar. "If you think our methods are absurd, that means you understand the system. But because the system is absurd, you can't possibly understand it. It's no easier for us, young lady. Our planned economy means that we are continually surprised by what happens. For instance, we planned to bury you." But before he could finish, he vanished too.

Just then, a Whiffenpoof came round the corner, carrying a computer, a portable harmonium, and more suitcases than Alice had ever seen outside a Lost Luggage office. Alice wondered where he was staying.

"Not here," drawled the Whiffenpoof pleasantly and at once began walking very vigorously on the spot. Alice, vexed, told him he would get nowhere.

"That's where you're wrong," he chortled, "since this country is beginning to move in the right direction." He was as good as his words. By standing pat, the Whiffenpoof had very soon progressed over the horizon. Alice, meanwhile, was joined by large groups of people in fancy dress who began dancing to this song:

Will you leave a little faster?
Said an Uzbek to a Lett.
There's a Yeltsin close behind me.
He will beat us to it yet.
As the USSR shatters,
As republics make their fate,
Mister Marx no longer matters.
Will you, won't you leave the State?

When they finished, they ran off after the Whiffenpoof, leaving behind a bald man dressed all in red.

"We call that a national secession of folklore dancing," he said. "We have national secessions nightly at 7:30 with matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays. They're very popular." And he began to cry.

Alice asked if he was the Red King.

"I scarcely know who I am any more," said the man sadly. "I *used* to be the Red Dictator and later the Red President. But without a country, I'm not sure I can be the Red Anything. I need a holiday abroad."

"That shouldn't be difficult," retorted Alice sharply (for she did not think that grown presidents should cry), "since everywhere will be abroad to you soon." Curiously, this seemed to cheer him up.

"Then I shall be popular everywhere," he said. And running on the spot, he set off after the Whiffenpoof.

"He'll never catch him," thought Alice. "Not if he keeps dragging his feet."

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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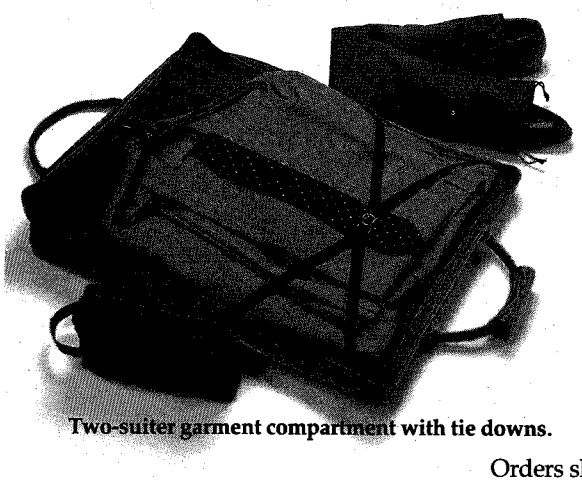

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ON THE RECORD

■ Time is running out for budget summit. With August break just ahead, chances of a compromise are no better than 50–50. "**George Bush** must get a considerable payback for breaking his no-new-taxes pledge," say **Evans & Novak**. "There are no signs whatever of the budget agreement making the cuts in spending that would be needed for that result." . . . *Washington Times* says Sen. **Phil Gramm** (R., Tex.) is standing firm against any new taxes. . . . Latest **Dick Wirthlin** poll finds that 54 per cent of those questioned are ready to vote against any congressman who approves higher taxes. . . . That there is a cut-taxes, cut-spending feeling in the land was demonstrated when the balanced-budget amendment failed in House by just seven votes. The five Republicans who broke ranks are **Benjamin Gilman**, **Amo Houghton**, and **Bill Green** of New York, **Silvio Conte** (Mass.), and **John Rhodes** (Ariz.). . . . In Massachusetts, House Minority Leader **Steven Pierce** has been getting major press play as **Dukakis** legislature tries to trim state's budget deficit. Pierce is now running neck and neck with leading Democratic candidates. **John Silber** shades him 35 to 34.4 per cent; he shades **Frank Bellotti** 40.6 to 40.4 per cent. Latest (July 30) poll shows Silber now leading Bellotti 34 to 31 per cent, while **Evelyn Murphy**, the leftmost Democrat, is favored by 27 per cent of Democrats. . . . In Senate races, **Paul Simon** (D., Ill.) leads Rep. **Lynn Martin** 51 to 39 per cent, and Sen. **Tom Harkin** (D., Iowa) leads Rep. **Tom Tauke** 47 to 37 per cent. But in Indiana, Republican Sen. **Dan Coats**, appointed to fill out **Dan Quayle**'s term and fighting his first senatorial campaign, has handy lead over Rep. **Baron Hill**, 59 to 26 per cent. . . . In the lively Texas gubernatorial race it looks like a landslide for Republican **Clayton Williams** over Democrat **Ann Richards**. The *Washington Inquirer*'s "Eye" puts it this way. "The Yahoos, the Joe Sixpacks, the Bubbas of America just aren't listening to the intellectual geeks in Washington."

■ The Czech newspaper *Narodna Obroda* says **Fidel Castro** is calling home all Cuban students at Eastern European universities at the end of the present term. For two reasons: a shortage of cash, and fear that the students will be affected by political developments in the former satellites. . . . Castro's quarrel with Spain over dissidents who have taken refuge in Spanish embassy in Havana could jeopardize more than $300 million in annual trade with Spain and put the kibosh on sizable (projected $50 million) Spanish investments in the Cuban tourist industry. . . . **Yanez Pelletier**, a hero of the Cuban revolution now turned human-rights activist, says "next year is going to be a terrible year for Cuba. We don't have any hard currency and here Fidel is fighting with his friends [Spain]." . . . Americas Watch, the human-rights monitoring outfit, has charged the Salvadoran rebel FMLN with "flagrantly violating" international law by executing several hundred people since the early 1980s without benefit of trial. . . . In China, authorities have announced the execution of several hundred people in recent weeks. The executions, say China experts, are a kind of preventive measure to ensure against public demonstrations when the Asian Games are held in Peking next month. . . . **Boris Yeltsin**, displeased at the treatment his resignation from the Communist Party received in official Soviet press, will set up TV and radio stations and a Russian Republic news agency in the near future. . . . London's *Financial Times* reports a first. East German taxi drivers have gone on strike for *lower fares*. New hard-currency rates are chasing away business.

© Shailo, *Daily Telegraph*, London / Rothco

"Would you mind turning down your degree course?"

■ The *Jewish Press* reports that the High Rabbinical Ecclesiastical Court has excommunicated Rep. **Barney Frank** (D., Mass.) "for desecrating the name of God and the Jewish people, for bringing dishonor and disgrace upon the high office of congressman, and for promoting and encouraging the moral corruption of society." Commenting on **John** Cardinal **O'Connor**'s statement on Catholic politicians who are soft on abortion, Rabbi **Joseph Friedman** said: "In general we support the cardinal's pronouncements on moral and family matters. Religion is not a democracy. Either one accepts or rejects its authority." . . . Black community still shaken by columnist **Carl Rowan**'s blast at NAACP chairman **Benjamin Hooks** for defending **Marion Barry**: "Despite the incredible array of evidence that Barry bought, used, and dispensed cocaine, crack, opium, and more; that he traded jobs for dope; and that he was a flagrant adulterer," said Rowan, "Hooks opened the [NAACP] convention talking about the 'Nazi-like' tactics used against Barry." . . . In Greenwich Village, Institute for Media Analysis has new publication, *LOOT (Lies of Our Times)* to record sins of *New York Times*—for instance, "the *Times*'s recent barrage of 'negative image-making' opinion articles attacking Cuba while omitting the global outcry against TV Martí." Contributors to *LOOT* include **Alexander Cockburn**, **Noam Chomsky**, **Paul Krassner**, and **Jessica Mitford**.

■ Don't think it was easy for **Paul Zaloom** to receive an NEA grant when four other performing artists were denied theirs. "I was tempted to refuse the money," he explained to art community, "but that would have been the easy thing."

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THE WEEK

■ No good deed goes unpunished, and Congressman Barney Frank, the ultimate Massachusetts Democrat, has been reprimanded by the House, 408 to 18, for the crime of taking a young man off the street, trying to help him find a job, and fixing a few parking tickets for him. It just goes to show the limits of private charity. Next time, Barney, let the government do it.

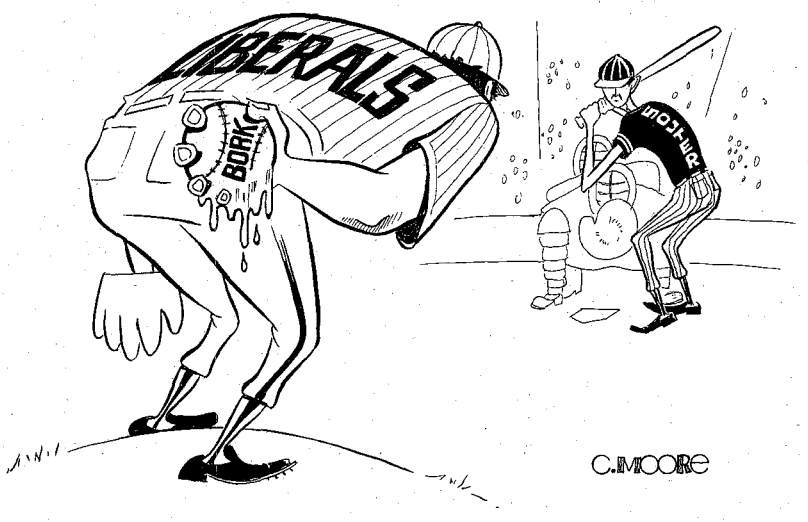
■ William Brennan may be gone, but his sidekick Thurgood Marshall is still with us, crankier than ever. Speaking of George Bush on ABC's *PrimeTime Live*, he remarked: "If you can't say something good about a dead person, don't say it. Well, I consider him dead." How gracious. Marshall added that he doesn't intend to leave the Court until he dies. We'll know that's happened when he stops snoring.

■ Just as *NR* was going to print last issue, the House Republican Conference was voting on a resolution sponsored by Representative Dick Armey (R., Tex.) calling on the President "to oppose new taxes or tax increases as a means of reducing the federal budget deficit." Well, we're delighted to report that the Armey resolution passed by an almost 3 to 1 margin. At a time when the White House is "thinking anew" on the issue, the resolution shows that a solid majority of House Republicans take the "no new taxes" pledge seriously—and that they are willing to buck President Bush for the sake of principle. It also gives conservative summiteers such as Minority Whip Newt Gingrich some badly needed leverage, particularly since there is no sign whatsoever that the Democrats want to do anything other than discredit the Republicans on taxes: why else would they make a GOP majority in the House one of their conditions for any final package? On CNN's *Newsmaker Saturday*, Representative Leon Panetta (D., Calif.), chairman of the Budget Committee and a summit participant, accused Armey of having "certainly brought the negotiations to a quick halt." Let's hope so.

■ So the Democrats will hold their 1992 convention in New York. The decision is expected to boost Mario Cuomo's chances of getting the nomination, but we're not so sure. For one thing, the nomination will most probably have been wrapped up weeks or months before the convention. For another, it isn't necessarily an advantage to Cuomo to be seen in his native habitat. Fiscally, the state is heading the way of Massachusetts. The city itself is sliding downhill fast. Cuomo cuts a fine figure in San Francisco or South Bend, where his tough urbanity shows up well. But he won't look so good when the supporting cast consists of such post-liberal phenomena as Al Sharpton and the Central Park rapists.

■ What John Silber said was: "When you've had a long life and you're ripe, then it's time to go." From his opponents' reactions, one might think he was suggesting killing off the elderly whenever society deemed it convenient. Hardly. In fact, the context was Silber's argument that in a world of limited resources, Massachusetts must decide where to spend limited health-care dollars—on the elderly, or on the young? His opponents, of course, portrayed it as a parricidal thought; "Who's going to be the judge?" Frank Bellotti asked. Well, in a socialist system, like Medicare, the state is unavoidably placed in the position of deciding where limited resources will be spent. A simple enough proposition. The elderly understand it: Silber received a standing ovation from residents of a senior citizens' housing complex when he appeared there to speak not long after his remark. That his Democratic-establishment opponents cannot understand it explains why the state has been crippled in its efforts to control spending.

■ Mario Cuomo was understandably first among the nation's governors to denounce the proposal to limit tax deductions. New Yorkers pay the highest state and local taxes by far—$2,934 per capita, or 66 per cent above the national average [see "Right Data," p. 13]. Take away the deduction, which amounts to



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a 28 per cent federal subsidy, and New York would never be able to sustain its egregiously high tax burden. Of course, raising the top federal tax rate to 33 per cent is an alternative considered perfectly acceptable by many of those alarmed at the prospect of losing the deduction. But they miss an important point: all taxpayers have a moral right to their earnings; no taxpayer or government has an automatic right to be subsidized by any other taxpayer or government. A genuine populist would seek to bring down tax rates for everyone in return for curtailing the Federal Government's endless stream of tax deductions—mortgage interest, health-insurance and pension benefits, municipal-bond interest, as well as the deduction for state and local taxes. But genuine populists aren't numerous enough to lobby Congress effectively.

■ Puerto Rico plans to hold a referendum on statehood next year, and Representative José Serrano (D., N.Y.) and other Bronx politicians have proposed that Puerto Ricans living in the U.S. be allowed to vote too, so long as they, or one parent, were born on the island. If Puerto Rico wants to be a state, then its residents and their representatives should say so, which is how every post–Thirteen Colonies territory-turned-state, from Vermont to Hawaii, has done it. Allowing mainlanders of Puerto Rican descent to vote on the question suggests that we would be considering the admission of a *Volk*, not a state. If that's the case, forget it. Once you're in America, you become an American. States' rights, if we hadn't junked the concept, would provide an adequate bulwark for local culture on the island. What we don't want is a countrywide Hispanic Quebec.

■ The educational-choice movement has got a big boost in the form of a massive study carried out for the Brookings Institution by Brookings senior fellow John E. Chubb and Stanford political scientist Terry M. Moe. Most press reports have concentrated on the study's conclusion—that a radical voucher-based restructuring is the only hope for America's schools—and featured comments from education professionals saying, in so many words, "we disagree." But this isn't a position paper, it's a scientific study, and the data are compelling. The authors studied five hundred schools and twenty thousand students for over a year, checking and controlling for every factor commonly advanced as causing differences in performance among different schools: socio-economic status, spending per pupil, school and class size, teacher salaries and credentials, and so on. They found that even where there was a difference based on one of those criteria, it was dwarfed by the key factor: degree of local autonomy. The driving force behind the decline of our schools is bureaucracy: rules and rulings from the top, which parents, teachers, and even local school administrators can't countermand. With the empirical evidence gathered by Messrs. Chubb and Moe, the burden of proof now rests clearly upon those who oppose choice.

■ The Bush Administration's recent decision to withdraw recognition from the Cambodian insurgent coalition and begin talking to Hanoi about a solution may be defended on a number of grounds, the most obvious being to prevent a return of the bloody Khmer Rouge to power. We suspect, however, that the real significance of the shift may be to bring the U.S. closer to normalizing relations with Vietnam, and advocates are already arguing that the move will help solve the problem of the boat people. Right now the U.S. is under great pressure from the rest of the world to agree to forced repatriation of those boat people found not to be refugees. Even apart from the philosophical objections to the idea that those fleeing Vietnam are solely "economic migrants," it rather ignores the last 15 years of history to think that a Communist Vietnam is going to do anything but create incentives for more and more refugees. Instead of defining the problem in terms of the boat people, the world's nations might more profitably think about the problem as a Communist government in Hanoi.

■ On his recent visit to Kenya, Nelson Mandela defended the repressive one-party regime of President Daniel arap Moi with a sadly familiar sophistry. "Black democracy is not the same as white democracy," he said. This latest bit of candor shows Mr. Mandela's ambiguous politics in a worrying light. One day he reassures the white, colored, and Asian minorities in South Africa that there is a safe place for them in a future non-racial South African democracy; the next day he defines democracy as one-party rule and Castro as an exemplar of human rights; and throughout he sustains the African National Congress's alliance with an unreconstructed Communist Party. Is this merely political maneuvering in an umbrella organization that encompasses democrats and totalitarians? Perhaps. But the U.S. Government can no longer make that comfortable assumption. Our influence, reduced though it is by

Batten Down, Please

Justice Brennan's surprising farewell
Hit the Hill like an incoming shell
As Sununu, now girt
For a full Red Alert,
Cranks the siren and swings from the bell.

W. H. VON DREELE

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sanctions, should be thrown behind those South African leaders, such as President de Klerk and Chief Buthelezi, who favor a federal or confederal structure based on power-sharing and guaranteed minority rights, and against the ANC's campaign for a unitary democracy which might, it seems, be merely a transitional stage to the "African democracy" of the one-party state.

■ Roseanne Barr, comedienne, thought it would be funny to screech "The Star-Spangled Banner" off key. The management of the San Diego Padres apparently agreed, but the 25,000 fans in the stands begged to differ, and struck up a chorus of boos. Drawing on her inexhaustible resources, Miss Barr hoisted her crotch and spat. Somehow this failed to win the crowd over. President Bush, among about 250 million others, called her performance "disgraceful." Miss Barr decided a clarification was in order, so she called a press conference and attacked those who criticized her. By the way, liberal admirers have praised her TV series for portraying a "working-class feminist"—a type which, if it exists, doesn't seem to show up at the ballpark.

■ So this fellow in Arizona put up $1,000 of his own money, borrowed $70 million, bought 15 failed thrifts, and reaped $1.85 trillion in tax subsidies. Here is the perfect marriage of two of America's Great Stories: the Gutsy Private Entrepreneur, and Government with a Heart. So why is everybody so peeved?

■ A Gallup Poll, ho hum, reports that Americans would rather raise taxes on alcohol, tobacco, gasoline, polluters, and the rich than cut Medicare benefits. This was headlined that we prefer taxes to benefit cuts. Garbage in, garbage out. Next time, Mr. Gallup Pollster, ask them if they'd rather raise taxes on themselves or cut someone else's Medicare benefits, and we'll see how the headline works out.

■ EVIL EMPIRE REPENTS DEPT: Pyotr S. Filipov, a member of Leningrad's city soviet: "We must hurry away from Marxism–Leninism, through Socialism, to Reaganism."

In an August 6 editorial in NATIONAL REVIEW, it is stated that four members of Congress, including myself, met in a "back room" during a 1980 House–Senate conference on banking legislation and decided to raise deposit insurance from $40,000 to $100,000.

This is incorrect. Let me state clearly and for the record: No such meeting took place. The increase in deposit insurance was suggested and debated during a public session of the House–Senate conference committee in 1980. The views of then FDIC Chairman Irvine Sprague were solicited through his representative at this public meeting, and his official response was that he did not object to the increase to $100,000. Based on this information, the conference committee members voted to accept the proposal.

JAKE GARN
U.S. SENATE

Judge Souter at Bat

IF THERE were a law against sadism, George Herbert Walker Bush would go to jail. Who could believe it, that he would come up with such as David Souter? If there is a Thoreauvian figure in modern life, it is the man President Bush has nominated for the Supreme Court. Thoreau said that he was guided in life by the accumulation of things he could do without. Mr. Souter does his professional work brilliantly, then retreats to his reclusive little cottage-shack in the hills. To get there he has to wade through underbrush he has never quite got around to cleaning out. Inside one runs into books, a few kitchen utensils, more books, a barely habitable living room, and more books. His exercise consists in climbing the neighboring mountains and adoring nature. On Sundays he shifts out of the secular life and serves as a vestryman in the Episcopal Church. He has written several hundred opinions in his capacity as a state judge, but so far there is nothing that marks him as a revolutionary, or even a counterrevolutionary. At college he excelled in his academic work, and won a coveted Rhodes scholarship to study at Oxford. There are Democrats out there gnashing their teeth. If only he had smoked marijuana a few times, or streaked at an American Bar Association banquet. No such luck.

So what they are doing is trying to figure out whether during the Judiciary hearings some senator can just blurt it out: "Judge, what do you think of the reasoning behind *Roe* v. *Wade*?" There!

However, doing so would pose two problems for the Democratic ideologues. The first is that they rose in stormy criticism of the Republican National Platform of 1984, which held that no one should go to the Supreme Court who does not subscribe to traditional principles having to do with the role of the judiciary. The Democrats pounced on this. They called it a litmus test, and as such thoroughly un-American, perhaps even unconstitutional. The idea that a Republican President should favor for the Supreme Court someone who was a strict constructionist was mischievous. This was not, of course, a litmus test, but what the Democrats are now engaged in applying is: If Judge Souter were to say, "In my opinion, *Roe* v.

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Wade was aberrational constitutional analysis," they would pounce. The embarrassment of first denouncing a false litmus test, then applying a real one, would humble most intellectually responsible men, which excludes most senators.

The other intellectual difficulty is this. If, having established that Souter is opposed to *Roe* v. *Wade*, the Democratic senators defeated his nomination, they would be making a straight political decision. Penetrating the scene, you would end up with: We, the majority of the Senate, believe abortion should be legal, therefore we will vote against any judge who might say it is not constitutionally mandated.

But what does that mean?

It means that the question of abortion should be what opponents of *Roe* v. *Wade* have always said it should be: a political decision. I.e., a decision left up to individual states, or perhaps a decision preempted by Congress. In other words, to vote against Souter on the grounds that he opposes *Roe* v. *Wade* would be the equivalent of voting against *Roe* v. *Wade*. That is an ambush the Senate pro-choicers will have a difficult time getting around.

But meanwhile we have learned this, that someone who thinks that a position on the Supreme Court might be a part of his future is best off doing the opposite of what Robert Bork did. If there was a controversy in the air during the past thirty years, Robert Bork would reach out for it as eagerly as Socrates did, and subject it to the powerful analysis of his powerful mind. David Souter has been something of an intellectual pacifist, feeling no compulsion to engage wrong reason: to do so gets in the way of his happy life in his cluttered shack, surrounded by his books, in the view of his mountains, and within walking distance of his church. Different men, different inclinations. Well, the Democrats wanted a quiet Justice, and they have got one.

—WFB

The Oligarch

THE EULOGISTIC news accounts of William Brennan's retirement were devoid of quotations of any resonant utterances from his 34 years on the Supreme Court. Brennan was voluble without being eloquent. And no wonder. What he was engaged in for more than three decades—the steady, piecemeal undermining of the federal system—did not lend itself to plangently principled expression.

It is part of Brennan's legacy that the word "federal" has lost its meaning for Americans; it has become a synonym for its opposite, "consolidated." The Court, as guided by Brennan and his early mentors, Earl Warren and William O. Douglas, ceased acting as a check on Congress and gave most of its energies to assuming—some would say usurping—the powers formerly reserved to the states and the people.

Brennan liked to say that the "genius" of the Constitution lay in its "adaptability." This was his way of complimenting it for its passivity in his hands. Plucking a phrase here and there (usually from the Fourteenth Amendment), he made the Constitution an instrument of "social change." Just as important, he used the rhetoric of equality and individual rights to transform the federal structure, in which power had been dispersed through innumerable institutions, into a Washington-based liberal oligarchy. Never in American history has so much unaccountable power been wielded by so few as by the Supreme Court during Brennan's tenure. It was exactly this sort of accumulation of power that the Constitution was designed to prevent.

Brennan saw himself less as the custodian of constitutional tradition than as the bearer of the *Zeitgeist*, as he explained in opposing capital punishment: "I hope to embody a community striving for human dignity for all, although perhaps not yet arrived." He imposed his views on abortion, censorship, welfare rights, reapportionment, and the liberal agenda with equally woolly pronouncements.

Washington is mourning the departure of this man who did so much to concentrate power in Washington. His retirement means the liberal domination of the Supreme Court has finally ended; John Paul Stevens may soon be the last liberal Justice. But the damage that William Brennan did may never be undone.

Come Home, America?

AS THE international equation shifts, it is to be expected that American isolationism will once again be heard from. Isolationism is always contextual. In his famous farewell address, George Washington warned against entangling alliances. He was probably looking Thomas Jefferson directly in the eye when he uttered those words, and he had in mind Jefferson's fellow-traveling with the revolutionary movement in France. When George McGovern articulated his own isolationism, its context was the ongoing Vietnam War. McGovern's slogan, "Come home, America," translated as: "Surrender." The isolationism of the 1930s must be understood as a reaction to the still-recent World War I and its disillusioning aftermath. Our troops had been shot to pieces at Château-Thierry and in the Argonne, and people asked: "For what?" In 1920, Americans voted overwhelmingly for Warren Harding and "normalcy," and implicitly against Woodrow Wilson and his war to make the world safe

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for democracy. It took the Great Depression to elect another Democrat to the Presidency.

Today we are hearing the isolationist note again. Such estimable conservatives as Patrick Buchanan and Irving Kristol are telling us to bring the boys home. Now, a careful rethinking of the American role abroad is certainly called for. Just what is the role, today, of our troops at Subic Bay and Clark Air Base? A naval war in the Pacific seems increasingly unlikely. Should those troops be diminished, or even moved back to Guam?

In Europe, however, the complicated problems caused by the collapse of Soviet military and economic power will not yield to any simple slogan. No European head of government wishes to see a precipitate withdrawal of American forces. They repre-

RIGHT DATA

Mario Explains

WE HAVE before us a four-page letter from New York Governor Mario Cuomo, apparently sent to editors of several publications, in which he seeks to "clear up some misconceptions that I have encountered in the wake of this year's budget process."

Mario Cuomo: "We keep a close watch on spending in the so-called 'General Fund' . . . because all the money in this Fund is raised by taxes and the more that is spent, the higher taxes are likely to be. For 1990-91 the General Fund will be nearly $30 billion. That is an increase of less than 2 per cent over last year."

Right Data: The General Fund isn't the whole story. Since Cuomo took office, many state agencies have been shifted out of the General Fund in order to give the *appearance* of spending restraint. Spending from all funds will be $49.8 billion this year, up 7.5 per cent over 1989. The governor had sought a 10.5 per cent rise in total spending.

MC: "It may surprise you to learn that the rate of growth in all General Fund spending in New York State since 1983 has been *below the national average and the averages for states in the Northeast and for the largest states.*" (Emphasis in original.)

RD: Again, the governor focuses attention on an arbitrary slice of total spending—the General Fund. His comparison also ignores New York's below-average population growth rate. Commerce Department data show that New York's per-capita state spending from all funds increased 55.8 per cent between 1983 and 1988; the nation as a whole experienced a 38.2 per cent increase during that period.

MC: "And this year, after all the talk about austerity, the legislature added $150 million in spending and revenues to the budget after the conclusion of three-way negotiations."

RD: In truth, the legislature added many spending items and deleted many others during a prolonged and acrimonious series of negotiations. The bottom line was a $1.6-billion *reduction* from the governor's original spending request. In any event, the governor of New York can veto spending he deems excessive. Governor Carey used this weapon to overturn $900 million of appropriations during his last year in office. Mr. Cuomo vetoed only $7 million of state bills this year.

MC: "New York now ranks *19th in the nation for total State taxes per $1,000* of personal income." (Emphasis in original.)

RD: True. But Albany mandates an inordinate amount of spending at the county- and local-government levels. As a result New Yorkers pay an average of $164 in combined state, county, and local taxes per every $1,000 of personal income, the highest overall tax burden in the nation.

MC: "Our historic tax cuts reduced New York's top income-tax rate by about one half, and improved our ranking from the state with the highest income-tax rate down to the *12th* highest today." (Emphasis in original.)

RD: Marginal tax *rates* have come down, but not enough to offset the broadening of the tax base under tax reform. In 1988 New Yorkers paid an average of $42.28 in state income tax per every $1,000 of personal income, highest of all the states, and 11.1 per cent more than in 1983. Delaware's state-income-tax burden, at $35.14 per $1,000, was ranked second; the national average was $21.34 per $1,000, or about half New York's level.

MC: "While it has been suggested that New York has more state employees per capita than anywhere else, the fact of the matter is that New York ranks *27th* among all the states . . . for full-time-equivalent employees per ten thousand population." (Emphasis in original.)

RD: A 1988 survey of public-sector employment found New York had 634 state- and local-government employees per ten thousand population. The rest of the nation got by with 494 government employees per ten thousand population. Only Wyoming and Alaska—atypical states with low populations and large amounts of severance tax revenues exported to residents of other states—employed more public-sector workers relative to population.

—Ed Rubenstein

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sent a guarantee of regional stability, and for the smaller nations a hedge against a resurgent Germany.

Questions should be asked, but not answered on the basis of a predisposition toward isolationism or interventionism. In 1990, the issue of an American presence abroad should be discussed case by case. "Come home, America," is merely a velleity.

Underclass Consciousness

WHEN STENDHAL remarked that bad taste leads to crime, it seemed the sort of elusive insight associated with fine French epigrams. It took the rap group 2 Live Crew to make his point obvious. George Will made the connection in a recent *Newsweek* column: 2 Live Crew celebrates the joys, such as they are, of inflicting sexual injury on women. For example, breaking the walls of the vagina. Only 2 Live Crew puts it even more bluntly, in various permutations. (Free sample: "I won't tell your momma if you don't tell your dad. / I know he'll be disgusted when he sees your p---y busted.")

Liberals discuss 2 Live Crew as if it posed only a First Amendment problem, in the manner of *Ulysses*. This evades the more earthy problem of influence. This stuff is pop culture. It sells in the millions, blaring from boom boxes and car stereos. It's the apotheosis of rape—Willie Horton set to music. George Will suggests that it may have helped shape the incredible arrogance and callousness of the punks who raped the Central Park jogger last year.

Ladies and gentlemen, the underclass has arrived. As Elvis Presley and the Beatles signified the rise of a commercial art to accommodate the prosperous teenagers of the Fifties and Sixties, 2 Live Crew betokens the crystallization of another generation: the huge mass of utterly alienated young urban blacks, many of whom regard the infliction of pain as a form of self-assertion and amusement. There is no use saying that these poor kids don't know any better. They glory precisely in perversity, in a pleasure that is incomplete until it causes pain and shame. Liberals may want to pretend it's somehow art for art's sake. It's more nearly crime for crime's sake.

Be Nice to the Germans

It's not like Weimar; beerhall life is bland,
Nor is a Zeppelin about to land
Chock full of Brownshirts as, in Italy,
Benito dreams of victory at sea;
So smile while thumb and digit clamp a nose
And others, moistened, monitor the lows
That blow in from the Kiel Canal: The Hun
Will (have you crossed your toes?) stay on the run.

W. H. VON DREELE

Who Killed the Unions?

IN *A Study in Scarlet*, Arthur Conan Doyle has Sherlock Holmes say: "It is a capital mistake to theorize before you have all the evidence. It biases the judgment." This remark aptly characterizes the flaws in a hitherto widely accepted theory of declining labor-union membership in the United States. The facts are well known. Organized labor has shrunk as an economic force in the United States. Only 16.4 per cent of the U.S. labor force is unionized today, versus 20.1 per cent in 1983 and 22.3 per cent at the postwar peak, 1955. In 1974, which was not a vintage year for strikes, there were 424 of them; in 1988 there were forty.

For years the U.S. experience was considered to be unique: union membership continued to rise in Canada and Western Europe. Many economists interpreted these divergent trends as a sign that something was uniquely rotten in the state of U.S. labor relations. Richard Freeman, of the National Bureau of Economic Research, put it this way: "The factor that . . . explains best the divergence in union experiences is differential changes in the difficulty of organizing new workers due to changes in the level and effectiveness of *management opposition to unionism*. Here, the rapidly deunionizing U.S. is the prima-facie case of what aggressive management can do to unionism. In the 1970s and 1980s U.S. management turned against unions and collective bargaining to a degree not seen anywhere else in the world." (Emphasis in original.)

Interesting, but utter nonsense, according to Rutgers economist Leo Troy. In a study published this spring Professor Troy finds that Mr. Freeman and his "unique school" are guilty of two "capital mistakes." First, they assumed that each Western nation's labor force underwent identical, simultaneous transformations from heavily unionized manufacturing to service employment. Not only did the U.S. make the switch considerably earlier (more than half the U.S. labor force was already employed in services by 1955; France did not reach that point until 1981), but government services, most of which are unionized, were far more important to service growth elsewhere than in the United States. Secondly, the disparity in trends is based on an apples-to-oranges comparison: declining private-sector unionism in the U.S. was compared to increases in total unionism (private and public) abroad. Professor

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Troy shows a universal decline in the share of *private-sector* workers enrolled in unions.

Leo Troy unravels the union whodunnit, and finds that neither Ronald Reagan nor increased management opposition did it. Labor's woes are primarily self-inflicted: huge wage settlements in major industries have driven up labor costs and made many American products uncompetitive against the products of lower-wage countries like Japan and South Korea. Even Canada, held up as the exemplar of labor–management "consensus," and where government intervenes actively on behalf of private-sector unions, has experienced a surge in non-union employment. Competitive markets eventually "repeal" the legal protection bestowed by government.

Behind these unsubstantiated claims of a uniquely bad environment for labor in this country lies a hidden goal: amendment of the National Labor Relations Act to curb employer opposition to union activity even further. How large a fall in U.S. exports would be needed to "repeal" that?

Ethics Warm-Up

THE SENATE and the House have passed judgment on David Durenberger and Barney Frank. Durenberger was denounced for evading limits on honoraria, and for squeezing lobbyists and the Senate to pay for limousine service and a condo in Minneapolis, respectively. Frank got slapped for fixing parking tickets for a male whore, whom he hired first as an escort, then as an aide, and for writing inaccurate testimonials to the prostitute's probation officers on House stationery.

The House debate on Frank was heated; Charles Wilson (D., Tex.) attributed the raised temperature to "the homosexual issue." True enough—though it is also true that Frank's homosexuality probably cushioned his fall: he was reprimanded, not censured, and thus retained his seniority and his chairmanships. Homosexuals, occupying what Kenneth Minogue calls a "suffering situation," are given certain immunities by enlightened opinion. Thus, when two congressmen, one straight and one gay, were condemned for having sex with pages a few years back, only the hetero (Dan Crane) felt obliged to make a show of contrition.

In the larger view, the Durenberger and Frank cases represent what the shrinks call denial. The biggie, as everyone on the Hill knows, is the S&L mess. Congress knows, however much it bellows about Neil Bush or the regulators, that this is its baby. And Democrats further know that, even as they are the majority party, the majority of the rogues were in their ranks. No wonder they'd rather rail at Frank's fixed tickets and Durenberger's condo, both of which were reprehensible, but neither of which cost half a trillion dollars.

Fidel Ceausescu

FIDEL CASTRO is beginning to talk in apocalyptic terms. The slogan he once used—"Fatherland and Liberty"—today becomes "Fatherland or Death." He says the island will "sink into the ocean," become "fire and stones," if the enemy seeks to conquer it, and that "all Cubans, old and young, will die rather than surrender."

The Soviets have long been sustaining Castro with aid amounting to about $13 million per day. They have now signaled that this is going to continue only a bit longer [see interview with Gennadi Gerasimov, p. 30], and have also told Havana that they will restructure their bilateral trade to reflect the real value of goods.

Castro once seemed a major player, his soldiers fighting in Africa, his guerrilla allies scheming to install Communist regimes elsewhere in Latin America. Those dreams have vanished. Castro's Stalinist Cuba represents the Communist Ice Age. Today he talks about measures of extreme austerity, of full-scale mobilization. Experts believe that the crunch will come in 1991, when the Soviets cut him off. The question then becomes: What will his army and security forces do? Will there be strikes, riots, assassinations?

If the United States wished a final indignity to descend upon Castro, we might end the trade embargo. Cuba has no money to buy anything and the message would be that Castro has shrunk to insignificance, a mere global derelict, hardly worth boycotting.

Poland: Slow off the Blocks

WHEN, a year ago, Tadeusz Mazowiecki agreed to become the first non-Communist prime minister of Poland in half a century, he pleaded for a new beginning and no witch hunts. But few Poles then imagined that heeding his humane call would entail leaving *nomenklatura* pensions and privileges untouched, letting Communist monopolies and bureaucracies flourish, and giving the henchmen of the Interior Ministry plenty of time not only to burn their archives but even to milk the ministry's coffers at leisure. Such things would make anybody's blood boil.

As a result, Solidarity, the great movement that brought down Communism, has now split into two factions: the government supporters, called the Citi-

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zens Movement–Democratic Action, and Walesa's opposition group, called the Center.

If among the personal squabbles of former friends there is a question of principle it is this: Must democracy be established by purely democratic means, or is it permissible to use extraordinary procedures? Specifically, should Communist laws and institutions be reformed through orderly but slow parliamentary debate, or should they be swept away by decree? The government faction says that after half a century of totalitarianism, the rule of law, however flawed, must be paramount. Walesa counters that by delaying necessary reforms the government is wasting precious time, allowing the economic crisis to deepen and public support for democracy to wane.

Walesa would like to be an American-style executive president; his opponents support a parliamentary system. As Pascal wisely remarked: "Error is better than confusion." Whichever way it decides to turn, Poland had better do it fast, before the Western investors it so badly needs lose patience.

Korea: Forty Years Ago

THE MEDIA are calling it the "forgotten war." Yet everyone who was alive at the time remembers the shock that greeted the news that the North Koreans had surged south, smashing the South Korean army with their Soviet tanks. Everyone remembers the brave stand at the southern tip of the peninsula by the inadequate American forces; Douglas MacArthur's brilliant stroke, landing an army in the northern port of Inchon, cutting off the Communist forces to the south; MacArthur's thrust to the Yalu River; the Chinese entry into the war, their soldiers coming through the snow; and the U.S. defeat at the Chongsin Reservoir. When General Eisenhower became President he threatened the Chinese with nuclear weapons. The Chinese decided to negotiate a ceasefire. Today South Korea is one of the most prosperous nations on the Asian rim. It is part of an emerging international economic aristocracy. North Korea is a slum.

If Korea is a "forgotten war," it shouldn't be. It was the great event of the world between the Second World War and the arrival of the Vietnam Syndrome.

Favorable Portents

Cuomo, acting as before,
Kicks the water from the shore;
Florio is being flayed;
Bradley isn't on parade;
Bentsen's aging; Gephardt stalks
With the passion of great auks:
If, however, there's a slump,
Toss these portents in some dump.

W. H. VON DREELE

Maxwell Newton, R I P

"I SHOULD HAVE come here years ago," he once said, and he was right. Max Newton spent only the last of his six decades in the U.S., where he was a prolific columnist for the *New York Post*, the proprietor of a number of investment services, and the author of a book on the Federal Reserve System notable for its devastating critique of Arthur Burns's alleged inflationist tendencies. But no other stage could really contain this bizarre, brilliant, and much-loved personality.

With his string ties, metal-tipped collars, and pompadour hairstyle, Newton was a flamboyant caricature Australian whose extraordinary language made even liberal lady financial writers blanch—almost as much as the hard-line monetarist comments he would offer at economic seminars in the early 1980s, when the rest of the profession believed Reaganomics would be a failure to be gloated over rather than a success to be ignored. But Newton's appearance was actually a carefully judged act, no doubt originally designed to discomfit the English at Clare College, Cambridge, where he had continued the stellar academic record that began in humble circumstances in Western Australia. His career in Australian journalism was a typically fantastic mixture of heights and depths, including editorships of the *Australian Financial Review* and Rupert Murdoch's *Australian*; a controversial newsletter that once caused him to be denounced in the House of Commons as a Japanese spy; and an excursion into media moguldom that involved pornography and sex shops and ultimately led to bankruptcy. His arrival in the U.S. was reportedly one jump ahead of the Australian tax authorities.

Max had lived hard and was happy to tell you about it. In his U.S. reincarnation he and his third wife, Olivia, were teetotalers and born-again Christians. He was not always a conservative and his restless mind might eventually have carried him elsewhere. But in New York in the 1980s, it was a pleasure to know Mr. Newton. —PETER BRIMELOW

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Bill:

I very much enjoyed *Mongoose, R I P*. I happened

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to be traveling with State Representative Mario Diaz-Balart, nephew of Castro's first wife, Mirta, to whom you referred on page 177. I was pleased that you referred to C. S. Lewis and puzzled that you referred to David Lawrence (p. 50), wondering if it's the same D. L. who now publishes the *Miami Herald*.

I almost fell off my reading chair when the plot to assassinate the mayor of Miami was revealed. Do you think Castro still harbors such evil thoughts?

One note of historical discrepancy. Cubela would probably not boast (pp. 261-2) that his father fought in the Spanish–American War on the side of the Spanish.

One correction: On page 273 there is a reference to "Piños," which appears to be a misspelling of "Isla de Pinos." One observation: Tamayo's first name, "Ingenio," would more appropriately be "Ignacio," which happens to be the name of a good friend of mine. ("Ingenio" in Cuba is a sugar mill.)

Finally, one supreme compliment: the description of Ambassador Perjuez on p. 287 as "a man of amorphous figure and shriveled countenance designed to bloom only in library stacks . . ." I loved it.

In fact I loved the book as a whole.

Regards,
Xavier L. Suarez
Mayor
Miami, Fla.

Dear Mayor Suarez: Am delighted you liked the book, I blush at Ignacio/Ingenio and at the misspelling of Pinos; no, the David Lawrence I wrote of founded *U.S. News & World Report* during the Thirties and is long since gone; and I am delighted that Castro did not succeed in assassinating the mayor of Miami and herewith covenant that he will not assassinate any future mayor of Miami, so enjoy yourself. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Since Jesse Jackson is a minister without a congregation, it appears that being senator from New Columbia will be his first real job. This is good news! When I got *my* first real job, and then saw my first paycheck, and how little was left after taxes, I became a conservative.

J. M. Heermans
Lakewood, Calif.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

There is no Vatican pornography collection ["On the Right," June 11]. This amazingly durable myth originated one evening years ago when Alfred Kinsey offhandedly told his audience that the Indiana University pornography collection was the biggest one in the world, except for the one in the Vatican. Much to Kinsey's surprise, his remark gained currency even though he always admitted to friends that he knew of no such collection, and that the remark had been made just for its shock effect.

Sincerely yours,
Garvan F. Kuskey
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Dear Mr. Kuskey: It hugely relieves me to know we can stop believing in Kinsey. Cordially, WFB

■ Wm—

Alas & lackaday, Sisyphus had an easier job. Why *can't* dear old *NR* print a page of my stuff without making *chienlit*? I signed off my 12 iii 90 memo to you with the phrase, "what Ortega so neatly calls *una razón vital*." Would you believe, woudja buleeev, that this came out in *NR* as "what Ortega so nearly calls . . ."?

That's the kind of irrationality that creeps in when a computer is put to work checking the spellings of individual words. As longue as the whirred is spell trite, they're is know whey two ketchup wither gnawn cents.

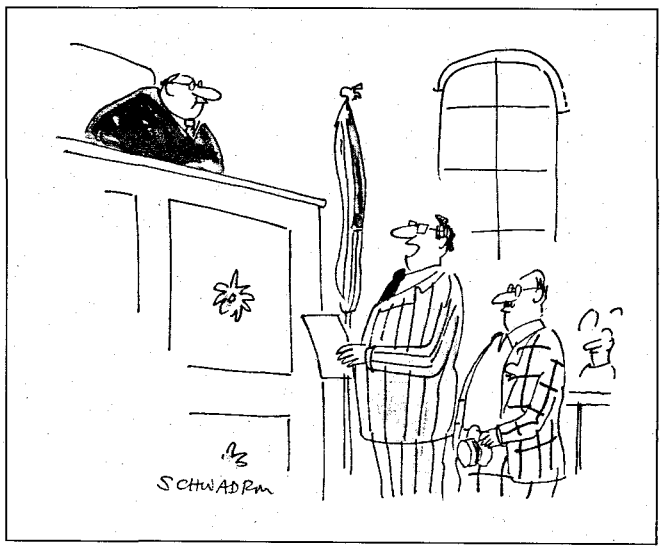
How about going back to the R.P. system?

Yrs. in faith, hope, charity, & dudgeon,
Wm
[William F. Rickenbacker]
Francestown, N.H.

R.P. = Real People.

Dear Wm, We are sorry, truly sorry. And have as a defense only that you taught us 15 years ago about the happiness of doing our own typesetting! . . . I will personally proofread all future communications from you, which, I pray, will be abundant. Cordially,
Wm

—WFB



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"One hundred thousand dollars isn't nearly enough of a settlement, your Honor. After all, my client deserves something, too."

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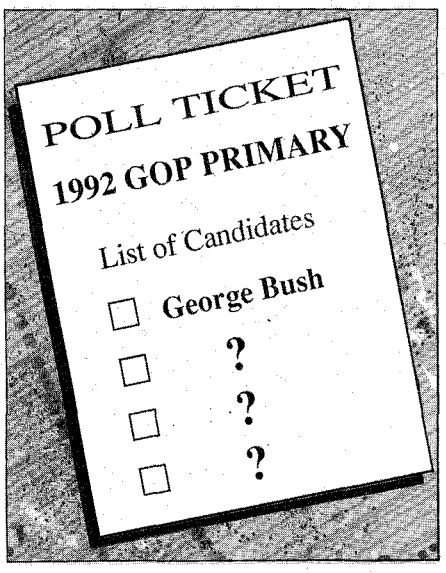
Waiting behind the Line

WILLIAM McGURN



Jennifer Lawson

WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE YEAR WAS 1971, and conservatives were fed up with a Nixon Administration that had imposed price controls, dumped Taiwan, and in general countered the liberal agenda with an unappealing same-but-less approach. By the end of the year there were noises about running conservative Representative John Ashbrook in the upcoming primaries, not really hoping to win, but wishing to demonstrate the depth of dissatisfaction. The Nixon White House took notice. "They were frightened enough to offer us certain deals if Ashbrook didn't declare his candidacy," says former *NR* publisher William Rusher, one of the prime movers of the Ashbrook movement. In *The Rise of the Right*, he points out that the promises included keeping Vice President Spiro Agnew on the ticket in 1972, abandoning Pat Moynihan's Family Assistance Program, and boosting defense.

Mr. McGurn is NR*'s Washington bureau chief.*

Five years later another conservative campaign was launched against an incumbent Republican President, this time by former California Governor Ronald Reagan against Gerald Ford. Unlike the Ashbrook campaign the Reagan bid was not just a protest; because Ford had been appointed to office he was more vulnerable than Nixon had ever been. Although Ford held on to the nomination, Reagan was able to use his run in 1976 to establish a conservative base to build upon over the next four years.

Now that George Bush has wiggled on his "no new taxes" pledge, conservatives are looking for somewhere to turn. But the dilemma today is greater than in either 1971 or 1976. To begin with, despite a decade of Reaganism, no obvious conservative standard-bearer has emerged. Nor is it clear that a direct challenge to the throne is tactically the wisest move. Whatever the damage inflicted on his party by Bush's waffle on its most critical issue, given the caliber of likely Democratic presidential nominees it probably has not hurt his own re-election chances much—especially if he doesn't actually raise taxes in the end.

"The one thing I would never again do is underestimate the loyalist element in the Republican Party, and the enormous advantages of incumbency," says John Buckley, press secretary for Jack Kemp's 1988 presidential bid. "To run against a President now, one who was legitimately nominated and elected by a large majority, would be a declaration of kookdom."

That depends on what the goals are, say others. A protest campaign *à la* Ashbrook wouldn't land the candidate in the White House, but it might get his ideas there. In this regard the most frequently mentioned possibilities are the two Pats: Robertson and Buchanan. Though Robertson's following is narrow, it is loyal. Recently he took out full-page newspaper advertisements against NEA funding of pornography—a populist issue thrown away by Bush himself—and it's a safe bet that legislators aren't all that happy about the prospect of Robertson's flooding their constituents with photos of some of the "art" their votes have funded. Buchanan, whose name was briefly floated in 1988, has a similarly loyal following of people who watch him every week on TV making the conservative case against the "Rockefeller Republicans." Thus far he has been coy about his intentions, but when Morton Kondracke brought the subject up on *The McLaughlin Group* he didn't deny it.

THE Achilles Heel for both Buchanan and Robertson, of course, is that neither has ever held elective office. One possible challenger who doesn't have that problem is retiring Senator William Armstrong (Colo.), mentioned for the White House in 1986. Like Reagan, Senator Armstrong is solid on the issues and has none of the negatives that would dog either Buchanan or Robertson. Ironically, the chief obstacle to any Armstrong candidacy is the chief himself: a modern-day Cincinnatus, the senator is leaving Washington because he thinks it's not good for politicians to stay here too long. Without someone of his caliber, any conservative resurgence is likely to be deferred until after 1992.

"It's very difficult to take on an incumbent President," says former Delaware Governor Pete du Pont, another challenger from 1988. "I think the effort in the Republican Party will be to get President Bush to see the error of his ways and get the Republican Party back on the track of growth and low taxes." Although he rules it out, du Pont's name is also frequently mentioned, and he has the advantage of being outside Washington and thus free to speak his mind.

Among those who aren't free to speak are four conservative favorites: Vice President Dan Quayle, HUD Secretary Jack Kemp, drug czar William Bennett, and Senator Phil Gramm (Tex.). Quayle, of course, cannot come out against his own President. His best chance is to stick it out through 1996 and count on Republican loyalty

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to give him the nomination then; dismissed by too many people, he's done a good job of raising money for Republican candidates (not unlike Vice President Bush) and unlike many others has not been shy about defending the Republican Party platform, turning up, for example, at the huge pro-life rally this spring.

Jack Kemp, of course, remains the sentimental favorite of conservatives, and apparently lots of Republicans agree, in that he is the top Republican choice of speakers out in the field. Critics say, however, that Kemp has always been too averse to risk, having in the past declined to run for governor or senator of New York when people were begging him to do so. Close friends also say that his sense of loyalty would preclude his opposing a man who appointed him, though as the Bush Administration continues to blur the lines between Democrat and Republican, 1996 becomes ever more of a possibility for Kemp.

The other Cabinet member whose name is tossed about is Bill Bennett, yet another conservative who despite almost a decade of service in the executive branch has yet to seek elective office. That makes him something of a longshot, but in an age when Jesse Jackson can go so far without even having a job, Bennett certainly can't be counted out. True, Bennett has also aroused the ire of the National Rifle Association and is somewhat distrusted on economic issues, but he has some great positives: he is by far the most impressive voice on the gut issues that move the American people, and unlike every other would-be President save Buchanan, he knows how to use the attacks on him by the Left to his own advantage. Beltway suspicion is that once the drug czar gets a few well-publicized victories under his belt (e.g., a decline in crack usage) he could depart from the Cabinet to get ready for a run.

Outside the Cabinet, Phil Gramm is the odds-on favorite, though his participation in the budget summit has dampened enthusiasm for him—particularly his labeling the House Republican resolution that called on President Bush not to raise taxes "meaningless." Coming from Texas it would be political suicide for Gramm to attack fellow Texan Bush, particularly since he will be in the best position to run in 1996. "In 1996 you have Phil Gramm with the endorsement of every conservative group in the country, $25 million in his war chest, and the state of Texas," says one GOP strategist. "It won't even be a contest."

In short, it's far too early to think about a direct challenge to Bush. Instead, conservatives should probably concentrate on applying pressure in areas where they have leverage: in the House, where they have a majority among the Republicans; in the Administration itself, where there are a number of not insignificant conservative leaders and cadres; and in the private conservative institutions and lobbying groups that simply weren't here ten years ago.

"There is no credible way to challenge George Bush in 1992," says Heritage vice president Burton Yale Pines. "The most credible way is to give Bush a choice on issue after issue: work with the conservatives within your own party, or become the President of the liberal Democrats. The job for conservatives is to keep him honest." □

German, German Overalls

FRANK JOHNSON

Lisa Haney

LONDON

IN THE middle of the Ridley affair [see "If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Moscow," page 24] a government memorandum leaked out. It was drafted by one of Margaret Thatcher's civil-servant private secretaries and summed up a lunch that she had had with some historians of Germany, including Hugh Trevor-Roper and Gordon Craig.

The memo's escape into the public domain was an additional embarrassment for the government in what was already a tense few days in Anglo-German relations. "We started by talking about the Germans themselves and their characteristics," said the document. It listed some, "in alphabetical order: aggressiveness, *Angst*, assertiveness, bullying, egotism, inferiority complex, sentimentality."

But there was hope, it seems: "there was a strong school of thought among those present that today's Germans were very different from their predecessors." So has German character changed and—with reunification—will it stay changed?

For 18 months in the mid Eighties I was the correspondent in West Germany for the *Times* of London. All was stability. The experts explained that the one thing I should forget about was any prospect of reunification. It must have been the least newsworthy 18 months in Germany since before the Reformation. There was therefore not much to contemplate other than the national character.

One of the traditional ways in which foreign correspondents quickly find out about a country's national character is to be arrested. But in 1945 Germany stopped arresting foreign correspondents simply for being foreign correspondents. One of the few ways in which one of them can be arrested is to travel without a valid ticket on the Bonn municipal railway, which is what happened to me.

Mr. Johnson is associate editor of the London Sunday Telegraph.

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I had bought a ticket but had forgotten to put it into one of the stamping machines, the stamping being necessary in order to prevent people from using the same ticket more than once. The machine on the platform was out of order and I forgot to use the one on the train. It was the day of a special swoop on fare-dodgers by a formation of railway officials and police, to whom the local paper later gave the historically resonant title of *Blitzsquad*.

Uniformed men entered the train when it arrived at the station which, it seems, was the *Blitzsquad*'s base. On failing to produce a stamped ticket, I was taken off in a procession led by a man in an important-looking peaked cap, and up some stairs to a man behind a desk. Justice was summary; a fine of DM40 (about $16).

The man behind the desk then asked: Would I agree to be questioned, as to my reasons for committing the offense, by a sociologist? To be hauled off a train by uniformed Germans was one thing. To be interrogated by a sociologist was quite another. The twentieth century has good reason to fear Germany's sociologists. They had conquered the world, whereas the Germans with important-looking caps had tried that, but failed.

Curiosity, however, beckoned. I was placed in front of the sociologist. She produced a long document from which she began to read questions. "How did you come to be traveling without a valid ticket?" she began. It could be noticed that in brackets, after that question, there was advice to the interrogator: *Begründung im Einzelnen* ("Explore in detail"). I told her, and produced my ticket—so as to make it clear that I had not committed the graver offense of traveling without a ticket at all. She seemed to be disappointed by my prosaic explanation. She pointed to a table purporting to give the most common reasons, apart from forgetfulness, why passengers traveled without valid tickets. They were: grounds of principle or ideology; for fun; because there were not enough public notices explaining the rules; out of need; or "*aus ungünstigen Lebensumständen heraus*" ("from unfavorable circumstances of life"). Which did I think was the most common? "None of them," I replied.

"None!" she echoed. "Why?"

Because, I suggested, the table had left out the most common reason: meanness. "Meanness!" she exclaimed. What did I mean?

"Greed, avarice," I elucidated, "desire to save cash, a preference for spending one's money on, say, your excellent Rhineland beer rather than on the Bonn municipal railway." She pondered the situation for a moment, and then wrote in: meanness, avarice, and so on. But it was clear that she did not believe it. As she pressed on with the questions, it was also clear that the German national character *had* changed. It no longer took account of individual responsibility for wrongdoing, or the legitimate authority of the state. What did I think was the occupation of the typical fare-dodger in Bonn? she asked. One was presumably meant to reply: single parent, or unemployed Turkish guest worker. "Diplomat from the Eastern bloc or the Third World," I replied.

Did I think my fine was too high? "No."

The city was losing a great deal of money from fare-dodging. What would I do about it? "Impose higher fines," I suggested.

Had the police behaved pleasantly toward me? "No."

Should they behave better? "No."

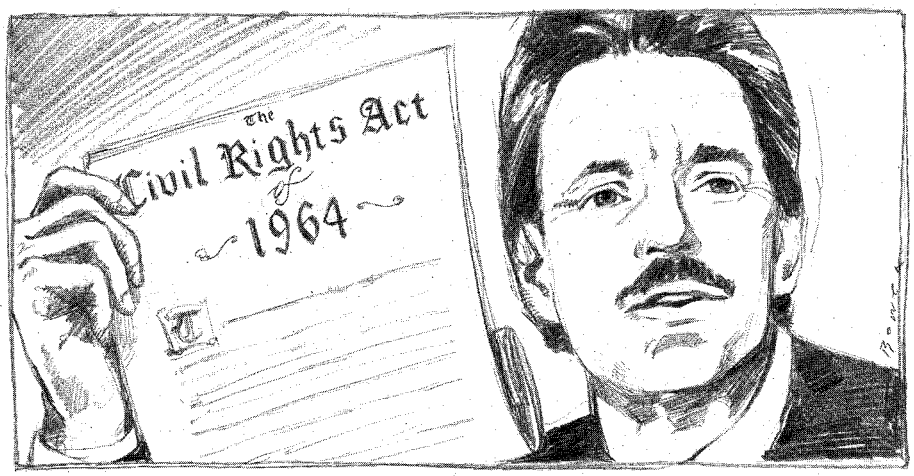
"Why ever not?" she demanded, exasperatedly.

"Because some of us," I replied, "want to put a stop to all this fare-dodging." She had realized that she was in the presence of a smarty-boots, and until then had behaved with restraint—another sign of a change in the national character. Shortly after I wrote about the incident in the *Times*, the Bonn municipality returned the DM40 fine, in view of the machine on the platform having been out of order. There was no mention of the machines on the train, which *were* in order.

Respect for the various forms of legitimate authority has always seemed to me to be a German strength, explaining not just all that cleanliness and efficiency but much of the country's better scholarship. Nazism was a perversion of authority and in any case was hardly legitimate. Europe no longer has anything to fear from Germans in important-looking caps. But, if Germany is to dominate the continent's institutions, Europe has plenty to fear from Germany's sociologists robbing us of our individual ability to do wrong, and encouraging us—if we do—to blame it on "unfavorable circumstances of life." □

The Hazards of David Duke

TOM BETHELL



Tim Bower

MONROE, LA.

'GOOD THING you've got a white car," David Duke said as he climbed into my rented Pontiac. He would be riding with me from Oak Grove to Monroe, where he would speak at a barbecue. It was a baking hot Sunday afternoon in northern Louisiana, and he was referring to the heat-reflecting properties of white paint, but there was a certain unavoidable symbolism to his remark. Duke, who is campaigning for the U.S. Senate seat held by Bennett

Mr. Bethell, an NR *contributing editor, is Washington correspondent for* The American Spectator.

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Johnston, was narrowly elected as a Republican to the Louisiana House of Representatives last year, despite charges of race-baiting and a background of Nazi-sympathizing. He was once a Grand Wizard of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan; in 1970 he was photographed outside Tulane University wearing a brown shirt and swastika armband, holding a sign that read: "Gas the Chicago 7."

Duke's earlier race, like his present one, was vigorously opposed by the Republican leadership in Washington. Also in the Senate race is a Republican state senator, Ben Bagert Jr., who is endorsed by the national party. (In Louisiana's open-primary system, all candidates contend in the first primary, on October 6; if anyone gets over 50 per cent, he is elected; otherwise, the two front-runners meet in the November runoff.)

DUKE had spoken earlier that afternoon to a crowd of about 250 outside the Oak Grove courthouse. He has been described by the *New Orleans Times-Picayune* as "looking like a lawyer on *L.A. Law*," and he spoke fluently, without notes, emphasizing a few domestic themes: taxes, welfare reform, affirmative action (nothing about abortion, or what used to be called the "social issues"). Claiming that taxation is a key issue in the state, Duke said that Johnston has supported "more tax increases, ladies and gentlemen, than even Teddy Kennedy, in four of the last five years." Duke calls for a "flat tax rate of 10 per cent or less," the enactment of which is opposed "by powerful special interests."

The audience was all white and mostly male, in shirtsleeves and baseball caps; obviously most worked outdoors. They stood quietly in the shade of the oak trees, paying close attention when Duke called for changes in welfare. Citing state welfare statistics, he claimed there had been a fortyfold increase in AFDC payments since 1960; this had been accompanied by a growing drug culture and underclass "unwilling to accept even the minimal obligations of citizenship: to go to school, keep a job, obey the law, and not conceive children they cannot afford."

"These people are not being helped by programs that encourage people to be irresponsible," Duke said. He repeated a story told him by another state legislator, about a welfare mother with three teenage daughters, all four currently pregnant by the same man. "The more children we have," he quoted the mother, "the more we get for our welfare check." The crowd reacted with what looked like genuine amazement.

He attacked the new "so-called civil-rights bill," the "Edward M. Kennedy bill, supported by J. Bennett Johnston." It would "lead to discrimination against the majority of the people," he said. Duke raised his voice slightly (normally he speaks in little more than conversational tones) and said: "We need civil rights for *everybody*, ladies and gentlemen!" Recently he had offered a bill in the state legislature, requiring that affirmative-action programs not discriminate against any individual on the basis of race. "The Black Caucus immediately got up and called it a racist bill. Think about that, ladies and gentlemen." Others in his own party called his proposal "divisive." And think about that.

No one wants to say it, perhaps the candidate himself doesn't want to say it, but Duke is campaigning on the 1964 Civil Rights Act, basically. He is being called divisive for doing so; and is being shunned by the national party. "The difference between me and Jesse Jackson is that I believe in equal rights for *all* Americans." If all his speeches are like the two I heard, scouts from the NAACP and camera crews from CBS looking for embarrassing clips or quotes would come up empty-handed.

What about his background, and the unsavory people he has associated with in the past? I raised these points with Duke as we drove to Monroe. He admitted that he had made mistakes. He had been "strident and intolerant in my youth," he said. But now he had "grown up" (he recently turned forty), and had put those things behind him. He made the point that it was not his past that people were really worried about. If only he had embraced the progressive culture, he pointed out, all would have been forgiven him. He cited the cases of Senator Robert Byrd of West Virginia and Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black. They had been associated with the Klan but they became liberals and so were forgiven. Duke said it was his future, not his past, that everyone was worried about.

It's possible, of course, that Duke's repudiation of his earlier views is insincere. The *Times-Picayune* has published articles suggesting that some of his old associations may not have been broken. To me, Duke would only say that "they" (unspecified) are "gleefully anticipating the demise of the Caucasians." New Orleans Jews are concerned about Duke's references to the United States as a "Christian nation."

Republicans, nonetheless, have put themselves in this bind by refusing to run with the legitimate and potent issues that Duke is now monopolizing. Louisiana is in economic difficulties; New Orleans is afflicted by a brain drain and by white flight. Affirmative action and civil privileges masquerading as civil rights are every bit as divisive, unjust, and destructive as Duke claims. Yet the Republicans are afraid to take advantage of the legitimate political opportunity that has arisen. "They are afraid of being accused of racism," Duke said, "afraid of the news media, afraid of the Black Caucus." Bagert, the endorsed Republican candidate, seems to be hoping that if the state preserves a nice respectable image, the Fortune 500 will come riding to the rescue. It won't happen. The state suffers from comparative disadvantages that can probably only be overcome by the kind of low-tax, equal-opportunity remedies that Duke advocates.

AS WE DROVE toward Monroe, Duke pointed out the "Duke for Senator" signs and bumper stickers. He cited polls that show Johnston leading him by a 37 to 31 margin, with Bagert a distant third. Quoting a political scientist who says that Duke "flies under radar" in polls, he predicted that he would force Johnston into a runoff, and would carry more parishes than Johnston in the first primary.

As we approached the barbecue site, the roadside was lined with parked cars. Duke was pleased. "They have come to hear me," he said. And they had. Once more there would be a good crowd. An amateur country band was playing a Vern Gosdin tune, "Chiseled in Stone." When Duke climbed out of the white car, there was a respectful round of applause.

". . . We need civil rights for *everybody*," Duke was saying to the crowd, and they were listening. □

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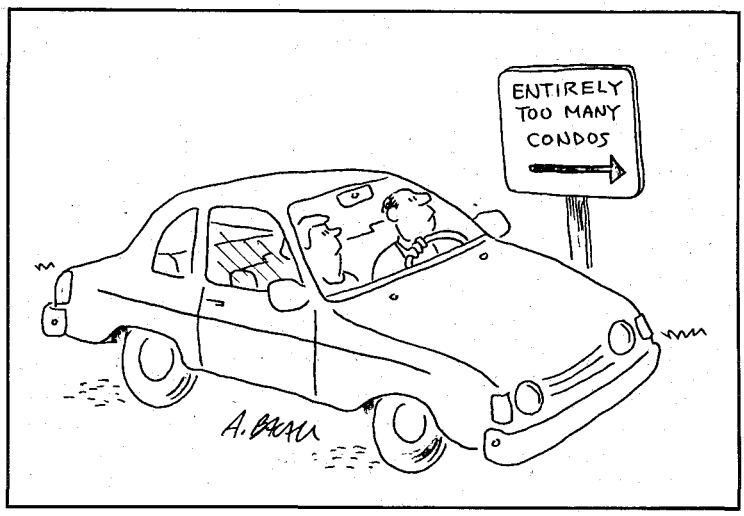

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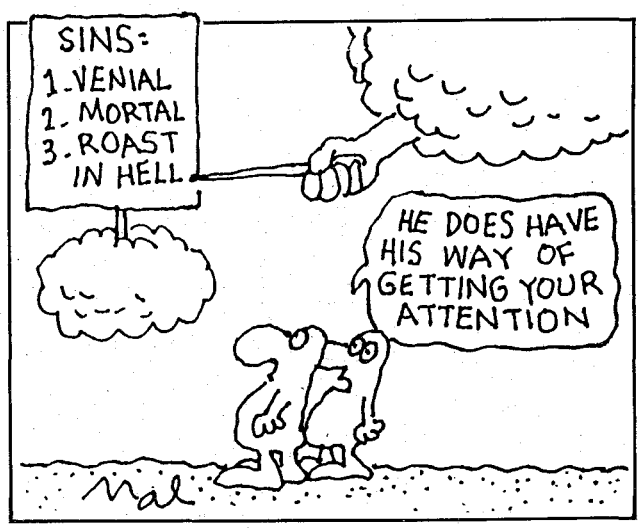
"He's not just a great human being . . . he's an economist."

Down the S&L Vortex

In seaman fashion, Mr. Seidman,
  Who's been gored by Mr. Bush,
Constructs a plank designed for giving
  Mr. Bush's kid a push.

W. H. VON DREELE



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SOMETIMES HISTORY CONSPIRES TO THRUST MEN INTO HER SPOTLIGHT, FORCING THEM TO TAKE A BOLD STAND OF CONSCIENCE. AT SUCH MOMENTS, GREATNESS IS BORN AS MAN SEIZES THE INITIATIVE, CONFRONTS THE TEMPEST OF CONTROVERSY AND HEROICALLY PROCLAIMS
OH, SHOOT...!
BRENNAN RESIGNATION
SUPREME COURT
7/23/90 THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER/COPLEY NEWS SERVICE
EDRREL

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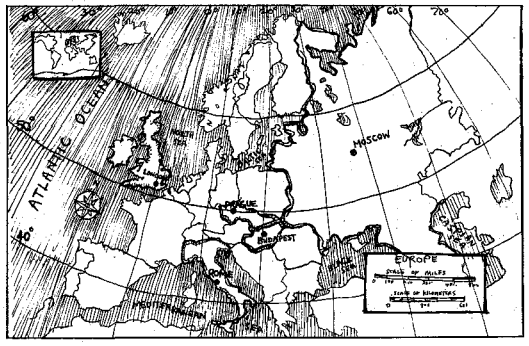
'Some People Read Too Much Marx'

IF IT'S TUESDAY, THIS MUST BE MOSCOW



Wherein a group of interested Americans takes a whirlwind tour behind the shredding Iron Curtain and discovers how much has changed—and how much has not.

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

HALFWAY through NATIONAL REVIEW's ten-day, five-capital tour of Europe, it is suggested that I do a running account of the trip, to go along with Bill Buckley's columns*, plus accounts by Wick Allison and John O'Sullivan [in "From the Editor," p. 6], and portions of a galvanizing interview with Soviet Foreign Ministry spokesman Gennadi Gerasimov. I feel a bit like Jean Kerr's six-year-old son returning from kindergarten one day. In tears, he reported that he had been cast as Adam in the school play. But wasn't that a good part? his mother asked. "No, no, no," sobbed the boy. "The snake has all the lines."

UNITED KINGDOM

London, Friday, July 13, 10:30 A.M.—Our group is 26 strong. There are five of us from *NR*: editor-in-chief Bill Buckley; editor John O'Sullivan; publisher Wick Allison; special-projects director Lisa Nelson, who has organized the tour and will shepherd us through it with smiling efficiency; and I, representing the senior editors. There are three members of *NR*'s board of directors along (Thomas "Dusty" Rhodes, Peter Lawson-Johnston, Theodore Stanley) and a dozen other friends of the magazine, some of them business executives with an interest in investment possibilities in Central Europe. We are heading now for 10 Downing Street.

Last night, we hosted a dinner at the Reform Club. Talk ranged over Europe '92 and the Big Seven summit that had just ended in Houston. But the most spirited exchanges were sparked by Nicholas Ridley's explosive *Spectator* interview, with Alistair Horne, the historian, praising Germany's recent record. In a series of wry and eloquent little speeches, our guests rose to add their opinions: the *Spectator*'s Ferdinand Mount (an old friend who worked at *NR* 25 years ago and whose son William was an intern last summer), the *Sunday Telegraph*'s Bruce Anderson, *NR*'s own Anthony Lejeune, and, finally and magisterially, Enoch Powell.

Here is Bill's analysis of *l'affaire* Ridley:

THE Ridley scandal is the more so because the intelligentsia in London don't for one minute suppose that the sentiments so grossly expressed by Mrs. Thatcher's trade and industry secretary are entirely out of tune with the thinking of much of the United Kingdom. What Mr. Ridley said, in his interview with the *Spectator*'s editor, was that the proposed unification of Europe meant in effect that "you might just as well give it to Adolf Hitler." To say that is grievously to offend a republic which has done as much as any nation can do to atone for its ten-year submission to a madman, and whose voters and leaders, none of them remotely responsible for the rise of Adolf Hitler, have behaved in exemplary fashion since, in killing himself, Hitler robbed us of the opportunity of doing it for him. To speak today of Germany and bring up Hitler is the equivalent of opposing Senator Sam Nunn of Georgia by bringing up the Ku Klux Klan.

But . . . the editor of the *Spectator* went rather far when he said it was his guess that Mr. Ridley's views "are not significantly different from those of the Prime Minister." This statement is rhetorically inexcusable. It is true that Mrs. Thatcher does not want to surrender sovereignty to Brussels. That position is entirely wholesome, but is rendered poisonous by suggesting that she is motivated by the fear of a Hitlerite Germany.

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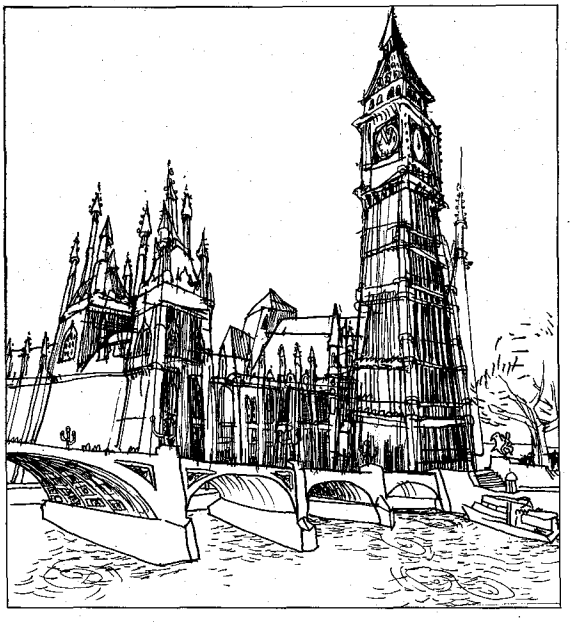
One member of Mrs. Thatcher's cabinet, speaking not for attribution, said: Look, let's face it; the British are xenophobic, at least the Archie Bunkers of Great Britain. And he leads us to believe that the Archie Bunkers of Great Britain are, like the Archie Bunkers of the United States, the putative majority. Nicholas Ridley, he went on, has a way of expressing himself without giving any thought to the necessary limitations of diplomacy. But—but, what he was saying is very much on the mind of the typical Brit.



A prominent journalist put it this way: The fact of the matter is, he says, we Britishers simply "hate" continental Europeans. He was being hyperbolic, but probably on purpose. He was saying that the British simply don't want to enter into a one-man, one-vote United States of Europe.

It comes down to the question: Can there be genuine economic integration without political integration? The question is not idly asked, nor is it easily answered. Already, in Brussels, there are over 15,000 human beings working for the European Community. What is it they are supposed to do? How far does their authority, which is supposed to be activated on the last day of 1992, extend?

To work as conceived by the idealists, the European Community would consist of a dozen nations that do business with one another as freely as Arizona does business with Vermont. But is it possible to replicate such a relationship as we have between our states, without a single federal government?

Those who are cautiously enthusiastic about a Common Market, and they do include Mrs. Thatcher, tell us it can be done, but only by the exercise of great caution. For instance: There is nothing to keep someone working in Arizona from moving to Vermont. Does it follow that nothing would keep someone working in Greece from coming to England to live? Theoretically not. Well then, suppose that Greece loosened its immigration laws, as it recently did, admitting people who would have been refused admission to Great Britain on the grounds of suspected links with terrorists. Would it follow that, having been admitted to Greece, they can move the following day to Great Britain?

And then of course the formal economic questions. Suppose that Greece goes on an inflationary spree, of the kind Mr. Papandreou specialized in? If there is a common currency with Great Britain, doesn't it follow that Greece would be exporting its inflation to Great Britain? These and related questions we took to Mrs. Thatcher. —WFB

Security at 10 Downing seems minimal by White House standards. A couple of bobbies are at the front door. Once inside, we walk through a metal detector and someone takes a perfunctory look into the women's purses. We are greeted by Brian Griffiths, head of the prime minister's policy unit. We will meet in the Cabinet Room, he says. Mrs. Thatcher will be right along. She is in Parliament, where the Queen Mother's ninetieth birthday is being celebrated.

A minute later Mrs. Thatcher comes in briskly, wearing a smart tangerine suit with a touch of white and blue at the throat. An Iron Lady indeed, she seems not weary at all despite the pressures of the past few days. She waves us all to our seats, is solicitous for everyone's comfort, warmly greets Bill and John (who has served her as a special advisor).

She tells us that the British cabinet has been meeting in this room since 1732, and reminds us that Britain is the oldest parliamentary democracy in the world. The rule of law is bred in our bones, she says. Turning to the deeper issue of British sovereignty brought to a head by the Ridley affair, she says that Parliament would not accept the loss of sovereignty entailed by adopting a single European currency.

Here is Bill's account:

IT WAS the day of the crisis—Nicholas Ridley would resign within 24 hours. Everybody was in high activist gear, demanding something. The ghosts of the 1972 treaty—in which Great Britain, under the leadership of Edward Heath, made commitments to the Common Market—were screaming that Britain had lost its sovereignty over its own affairs. Mrs. Margaret Thatcher greeted her American guests as though they were her delegation for the mid-morning walk through the garden, to show how nicely British blossoms are doing.

But what about this business of vanishing British sovereignty? The night before we had heard Enoch Powell say that although the whole world was struck dumb by the events in Eastern Europe in 1989, the events in Western Europe are of comparable magnitude. The treaty of 1972 will leave Great Britain without decisive political control over its own affairs. "Alas," Mr. Powell concluded, with that prophet's tremor and the little lilt of irony that makes even those who fume over what he says, admirers, "when reporting recently on ongoing developments in Great Britain I concluded my speech by recalling an old English aphorism"—we were expecting something in Chaucerian English from the scholar-statesman. He lowered his head slightly, in pain, and recited that venerable British legend: "Enoch was right."

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Mrs. Thatcher smiles. Yesterday, she says, she arrived back from Houston at seven in the morning. By mid morning she had met with her cabinet. By that afternoon, she was standing before the House of Commons answering questions. "We are the oldest parliamentary government in Europe and there is no country in the world in which the leader is more intimately responsible to the parliament. That will not change." We do not press the point that unless the 1972 treaty is rescinded, it is the opinion of such as Enoch Powell that changes are inevitable.

Mrs. Thatcher explains that she has no objection to treating the Deutsche Mark as the gold standard of the Common Market, but that is different from accepting an all-embracing currency that would entirely subordinate the pound. To do this would mean to deprive yourself of the right to make your own economic policies. She favors the independent currency, the Ecu proposed by her chancellor of the exchequer, Mr. John Major, this to be tied to a basket of continental currencies whose purchasing power would be guaranteed. In that way, for example, a British investor could contract with an Italian manufacturer to build a plant within five years at a cost of five hundred million Ecus, and the Italian would have a standing basis by which to measure his costs.

Madsen Pirie, who is the head of the Adam Smith Institute, a gentleman-scholar of great confidence—he announces, flatly, a) that Mrs. Thatcher will be re-elected; b) that it will happen some time in June or July of next year—used an analogy to explain how life under the European Community is going to work. When teaching at Hillsdale College a few years ago, Mr. Pirie also visited Grove City College. The two institutions had just finished adding substantial buildings to their plant, and would now need sidewalks to connect them. Grove City calculated where the students ought logically to go, and laid down its flagstones; which are all but unused. Hillsdale waited a season to measure not where the students should logically walk, but where they would do so. After observing the trails made by student feet, it laid down the stones. Thus will it be with the EC, he says, confidently radiating the enthusiasm of Mrs. Thatcher, who is not going to surrender the sovereignty of Parliament, but who is not going to miss out on the blessings of a tariff-free market.

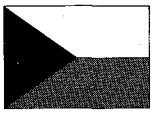
She is, after all, just back from Houston, where she argued the need for free trade in agriculture. She has the figures at hand. Twenty-seven per cent of farm income in the United States comes from the government. That figure, given current practices, would be 39 per cent in the European Community. "It does no good to have farm subsidies in the form of export subsidies." That way only makes it impossible for the Third World to compete, to develop its own agriculture.

She glides over into the subject of the poll tax and the dogged misinterpretation of it, and she is airborne on her expository skill. "If George Bush had that," a colleague commented as we filed out, "we'd have zero capital-gains tax by next Monday."

Say what you like: She is the most riveting figure in modern political life. —WFB

Mrs. Thatcher brings the interview to a close after fifty minutes. Bill rises and thanks her, and Mrs. Thatcher responds, "Thank you, Mr. Buckley. You, and NATIONAL REVIEW, were there before me."

As we climb aboard our bus we comment on her competence, her graciousness, her eloquence, her humor. Our irrepressible London guide smiles, much pleased by our reaction: "So you liked our Maggie, did you?"



CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Prague, Saturday, July 14—The airport hasn't changed in the last couple of years. It is still small, scruffy, dark, more what you would expect from a town the size of Poughkeepsie, New York, than from a national capital. Prague itself remains beautiful and sleepy, almost in a reverie. The ancient city's setting astride the Vltava River is exquisite, and its cathedrals and spires and monuments are intact, untouched by war—a diamond waiting to be polished.

At the airport, we're informed we're expected *right now* at the presidential palace on Castle Hill to meet Eda Kriseova, one of President Havel's inner circle. In the majestic royal reception rooms we're greeted with coffee and cakes served by attendants brought in for Saturday duty, while Miss Kriseova explains the eight months' non-stop work of transforming last November's velvet revolution into a functioning government. The president is expected, then not expected, but our guide implores us not to wait; as it is, we have just ten minutes to freshen up for a cocktail party at the American Residence, where we are guests of Ambassador Shirley Temple Black and Mr. Charles Black. If there is a lovelier Residence around, I haven't seen it. The building overlooks a restful, well-tended garden. We step out onto the terrace and hastily make way for the ambassador's boxer pup, who dashes among the guests banging shins with the enormous plastic bone he carries. "Careful, Gorby," says Mr. Black. But Gorby—this Gorby at any rate—is headstrong.

The ambassador briefs us on some dos and don'ts. Don't call the Czechs Eastern Europeans. Don't compare Czechoslovakia to Hungary or Poland. Don't confuse Czechs and Slovaks: they are separate peoples. Do try to understand that their problems are monumental. How do you privatize when people have no money to buy into state enterprises? When their money is not convertible? How do you put a realistic price on a house that hasn't changed hands in forty years? It's a little like playing Monopoly, but this game is for keeps.

We hurry to a popular downtown restaurant. The meal is good, but heavy country fare, heavier than we might have wished on such a warm night. The founder of Public Against Violence, Rector Miroslav Kusy of Comenius University (imprisoned twice under the old regime), rises to assure us that the Slovakian independ-

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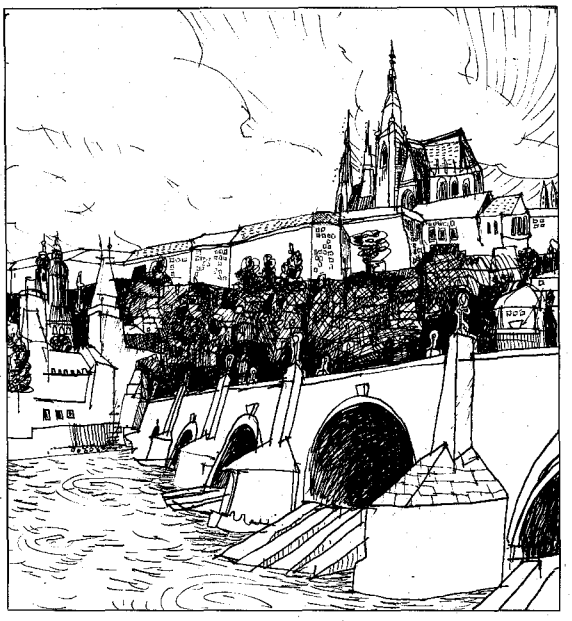
ence movement is vastly overrated and that the majority supports the new state. His remarks are echoed from the Czech side by Vaclav Benda, chairman of the Christian Democratic Party. But the show is stolen by Michal Kocab, a young composer famous throughout Europe, who has dropped his musical career to head the parliamentary committee charged with removing Soviet tanks from Czech territory. His opening line: "I've gone from rock and roll to heavy metal."



The next morning at brunch Pavel Bratinka, the head of Civic Forum and a twenty-year subscriber to NATIONAL REVIEW, paints a distressing picture of conflicts within the government over the move to a free-market system. "Havel keeps saying he wants a third way, and we keep telling him a third way ends up in the Third World."

Here is Bill's report:

WHEN, on March 10, 1948, Jan Masaryk was killed falling from the third floor of the Foreign Ministry building in Prague, any doubt as to whether something called the cold war was on died with him, as did any hope for self-government in Czechoslovakia. Forty-one years after the death of Masaryk, Czechoslovakia was, finally, liberated. Sitting in the presidential antechamber with Eda Kriseova, a large and handsome woman who serves on the advisory board of President Havel, a visitor asks whether, now that Czechoslovakia is free to make independent historical inquiries, it is definitely established that Masaryk was pushed out of the window by the Communists, or did he actually fall accidentally? Her smile radiates that special, innocent charm of so many of the men and women running Czechoslovakia. Their boss is Vaclav Havel, and he is a playwright and poet, and the general feeling around the place is that they would all rather perish than tell a lie, lies being the great blight of their country under the Communists. She replies, perfectly at home in her simple manner in one of the most gorgeous gilded baroque rooms in Europe, that historians continue to be divided on the question.

Most of the signs are encouraging. The minister of finance, Vaclav Klaus, is perfectly content to be called a disciple of Milton Friedman. He believes that only an undistracted immersion in economic freedom will rescue a land of 15 million people, which before the war was regarded as the Switzerland of Central Europe, from the doldrums in which socialism placed it. But it is not exactly clear sailing, and one deputy warns that Czechoslovakia is undergoing special tribulations because of a combination of Slovak separatism and Communist intrigue. Thirty-one votes (out of three hundred) can paralyze substantive reforms. That is a problem, he tells us; as also some of the moonbeams hitting President Havel, who wowed the U.S. Congress in February, his purity leaving our politicians with the feeling that they all lived in smokestacks. The problem is that such birds of paradise are easily influenced by the literati, and the charge is made (by this deputy) that every other U.S. and British PhD has taken to writing Mr. Havel to warn him against the philistine horrors of capitalism. All of this, it is maintained, has had an effect in slowing down the enthusiasm for the free marketplace exhibited early on by Mr. Havel.

The ambassador, as it happens, witnessed two of the decisive moments in Czech history. Mrs. Black was in Prague on August 20, 1968, when Leonid Brezhnev gave the word and Soviet, Bulgarian, Hungarian, Polish, and East German troops invaded Czechoslovakia, giving the quietus to the Prague Spring. Her back literally against the wall, she saw it at its most lurid. One woman, only a few yards away in King Wenceslaus Square, argued with a small contingent of the oppressing army. The soldiers tired of her harangue, so one of them fired a quick blast of his machine gun into the protestor's stomach. "What I did not report," Mrs. Black said, "was the American tourist, also stranded by the action, who paused to pick up a piece of the shrapnel that had gone through the woman's body. She said she wanted a souvenir."

Ambassador Black is seasoned in the foreign service. During the Eighties she was in charge of a diplomatic course in which future ambassadors were taught what to do. Before that she was chief of protocol. Before that she was ambassador to Ghana, which service, one learns, prepares you for anything. It was absolutely routine for a Ghanaian official invited for 7 P.M. on Sunday to show up not on the specified Sunday but the following Sunday, not at 7 P.M. but at 10 P.M. And then there was the official who showed up on seven successive state occasions with seven different women, every one introduced as his wife, raising the question whether congratulations were successively in order. And nothing unusual about a visiting congressman showing up at 10 P.M. asking for iced vodka and fried chicken, at which point Mrs. Black resignedly became a chef.

The lady is beautiful and twinkles sometimes mischievously. When she appeared before the presiding senator on being appointed to Prague, she was asked to discuss the ancient historical differences between the Moravians and the Bohemians. She did not want to do this, because anything she said could haunt her on arriving in Prague; and so, innocently, she said that, really, she was greatly concerned over the human-rights problems of the gypsies. The senator was immobilized:

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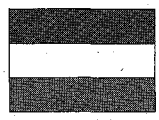
he hadn't arrived with the Gypsy Bill of Rights, and therefore stepped back, soft-footedly, from the whole problem. Later in the evening the ambassador was willing to recall moments in her career as Shirley Temple, and reminded her visitor that she had once been married to Ronald Reagan. "Married to Ronald Reagan?" Yes. In a movie. She was twenty years old. "I hope you didn't see it: it was awful." We couldn't believe anything could be awful in which Ambassador Black played a role. —WFB

In our hotel, gentle disorder reigns. They tell us there is no room service, though in fact there is. Phones go unanswered, and the fax is down. The next day, some of the bags left outside the bedroom doors for our departure, as ordered, are not picked up.

Among those not picked up: Bill Buckley's two large khaki bags. Bill Buckley's one large aluminum suitcase. Bill Buckley's "portable" Yamaha electric piano keyboard, which is making the trip because time is short. (Bill's next concert is with the North Carolina symphony in October.) The bags are not missed until we arrive at the airport. Frantic phone calls to the hotel. All is well. The obliging taxi driver who had taken us to a sung Latin Mass at St. Vitus's Gothic cathedral this morning arrives in time. He made the trip from downtown Prague in eight and a half minutes. That this is humanly possible tells you something about the Czech economy. He departs a happy teamster indeed.



HUNGARY

Budapest, Sunday, July 15—The Vadrozsa Restaurant in the Buda hills is gracious and restful. It is 8:30 and still quite light. We are meeting tonight with three members of the Fidesz party, which is close to NATIONAL REVIEW on free markets and foreign policy, but "egalitarian liberal" on other questions. Fidesz is unusual. Its members are all under 35 years of age. Zsuzsa Szelenyi, at 27, is the youngest member of the recently elected Hungarian parliament. She is with us tonight, a pretty, dark-haired young woman fired up with enthusiasm for the new Hungary. Fidesz is a very small party still, and impatient with what Miss Szelenyi and her friends perceive as the halting pace of change. Never mind that this parliament, Hungary's first freely elected parliament since World War II, is only three weeks old.

Gabor Fodor, a tall, shaggy, disheveled young man, will startle the group later on by mentioning that a U.S. politician he really admires is Michael Dukakis. Josef Szajer, a bearded young lawyer who has spent a year in Michigan, hastens to tell us that support for Dukakis is not an official plank of the Fidesz party.

We get a feeling of vigor and dedication from these young people. John O'Sullivan, rising to thank them as the evening draws to a close, tells them that his first political memory was of the Red Army tanks rumbling through Budapest. That incident, he says, was a defining moment for him and others as we watched unarmed Hungarians mowed down by tanks. None of our young Hungarian guests was born in time to witness those bleak November days back in 1956. But many of the Americans were, and the earnest hopefulness of our guests, set against that stark memory, brings tears to more than one pair of eyes.

Mark Palmer, former U.S. ambassador to Hungary, is delighted the following night when I tell him we have met with Fidesz. Those are the people who will change the country, he says. It was the very young Hungarians and Czechs who made these revolutions.

At a reception, also up in the Buda hills, at the Residence of Ambassador Charles Thomas, I'm introduced to young Gabor Horvath, a reporter for the formerly Communist, now Socialist, newspaper *Nepszabadsag*. He is young, bouncy, eyes alive behind huge round glasses. Members of the Party, he tells me, still call to rebuke the editors for stories they consider unfriendly. "So what?" he says, grinning, and throwing his hands in the air; "we pay no attention." In his opinion, the event that led to the peaceful overthrow of the old regime was a demonstration by the Blues. He explains that environmentalists in Hungary are not Greens but Blues (as in the Blue Danube). At any rate, Austrian and Hungarian environmentalists were opposed to a proposed dam across the Danube. Early in 1988 they demonstrated against it. And nothing happened: there were no reprisals. Emboldened, demonstrators marched in the streets in May of that year, carrying signs saying: "Communists Must Go." Still nothing happened.

Hungary is deep in debt, but some at least of the borrowed money has been well spent. Nothing threadbare here. And Budapest is one of the most beautiful cities in Europe. From my room in the Budapest Hilton, I look down on an old watchtower, and beyond that, on the Danube with its graceful arched bridges, and on the far, Pest shore the imposing Parliament building. On the other shore, the pleated Buda hills rise sharply from the Danube, encasing this gem.

There's a can-do spin on things here. We are to leave at 6:00 A.M. tomorrow. This presents no problem for the Hilton's first-rate management. At 5:00 A.M., a wake-up call is received in 19 hotel rooms. At 5:30, breakfast is wheeled in to each of our rooms. At 5:45, suitcases are picked up. At 5:55, we identify them and they are put into the bus. That is as painless as a 6:00 A.M. departure can be made. Russia, we have a feeling, will not be like this.

USSR

Moscow, Tuesday, July 17—Our feeling was right. As Bill told it:

THERE IS a lot of good news coming out of the Soviet Union, but pilgrims who travel there to see a land transformed by *perestroika* and pluralism should be warned that, although free-market

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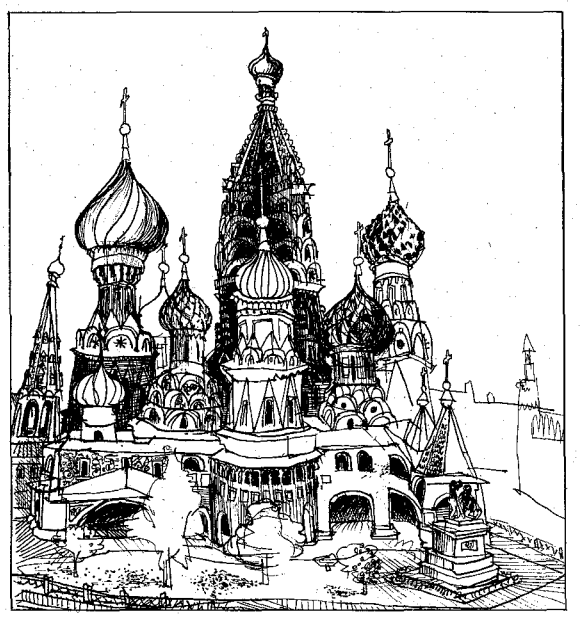
principles have been accepted by the government, they are far from having been implemented. Anyone who doubts that there is a need for reform should spend a few days at the Intourist Hotel in Moscow.

The idea of arbitrage—the process that prompts people to buy a product where it is cheap and sell it where it is dear, until prices level out—has not even worked its wonders within the Intourist Hotel, let alone in Greater Moscow, let alone in Great Russia. On the second floor of the hotel you can buy five ounces of caviar for $29. On the first floor, the same can of caviar costs $44. Outside, the five of you ask for a taxi and are told that five people are too many for one taxi, and that the fare will be $5 per taxi. You hesitate, and the entrepreneur tells you grandly that you are not to worry: he will make an exception and take all five of you in his cab—for ten dollars.

In your room there are problems. There is no air conditioning in the tiny living room, and to go to the bedroom of the duplex suite requires that you turn on the light that illuminates the dark stairway. But you then need to turn off the light, when it is time to sleep. But you cannot do that without descending the stairway: there is only the single switch. So, you climb up in the dark. You need to telephone a companion staying in another room. You call the operator. It rings busy. Off and on, for one hour. It is very important, so you descend to the hotel reception and ask the woman at the desk where is Mr. Peter Samara staying? What then happens is as if you asked your grandmother to come up with the picture of her high-school graduation. The receptionist hauls out a lapful of yellow slips and begins to go over them one by one. At the end, she says: "He is not here."



"Yes, he is here. He has been here for two days."

"He is not here." At that moment, Peter shows up. You exchange intelligence, and ask for his room number, which is 601, so that you can dial him directly. The next morning you wish to call 601. You follow the hotel dialing instructions. To call 601, you must dial 203-20-97. Well, you can manage that. Does that mean that to call 602 you would dial 203-20-98? No: 203-50-40.

At 3:30 P.M., on your way out, you report to the concierge that your toilet is stopped up. You come in at 11 P.M. and note that it is still stopped up. At 9 A.M. it is still stopped up. It occurs to anyone scheduled to check out of the hotel that morning that there is an obvious way to leave the mark of one's displeasure.

The airport in Moscow is an extension of hotel life. You arrive three hours before flight time, as you are told to do. Arrangements are studiously made to move hordes of men and women from rooms with chairs to sit on, into rooms without chairs to sit on.

But, somehow, it is not as it was in previous visits. There is exuberance in the air, and no wonder. It is absolutely predictable that in five years the Intourist Hotel will actually know, without having to call the KGB, whether Peter Samara is in residence, and if so, in which room. And—this is a prediction, and you may hold me to it—my guess is that five years from now someone will have called on the airport authorities with a sadist-detector in hand, relieving half of the personnel there of all their fun.

So hang in there. But don't, don't go today to Moscow if you are expecting something like, oh, the Budapest Hilton. In Hungary, over a period of a decade, they let the free market come in slowly, on little cat feet, and already the land is bright. —WFB

And here are Wick Allison's impressions:

AS THE PLANE touches down you know you are landing on foreign soil. It takes only a glance out the window to see that two guards with red stars on their caps and machine guns in hand have moved into position on either side of the plane. But Gleaves Rhodes makes a telling observation: When we step off the plane and are greeted by our Intourist guide, she is smiling. In four trips to Russia this is the first time Gleaves has seen a smiling guide. We have an *embarras de richesses*: four smiling guides, Lyuba, Irina, Yelena, and Lydia, who answer our questions with charming frankness.

The bustle on the streets and sidewalks amazes those who have been here before. And Moscow looks less drab. There are signs in windows, fresh splotches of paint. But you are struck by the complete lack of flowers. Every apartment building in Budapest and Prague had window boxes and gardens. Not one spotted so far here. That these apartments are state-owned is no excuse. They are also state-owned in Budapest and Prague. The Russians seem to have lost the awareness that things can be pretty. And the overall impression of a main street off Red Square is just plain Third World. John O'Sullivan says this is what Turkey would be like, if Turkey had been having a depression the last twenty years. But despite unkempt patches of grass everywhere, Moscow's side streets, with their buildings painted the traditional cream and white, have a faded but tranquil charm. And of course, there are still the onion domes, towers, and turrets of Russia's imperial past.

Actually, the Soviet economy may be like one's own

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children: day by day one does not notice their growth, but the interested visitor immediately remarks on it. The people here don't notice the traffic or the smiles because the growth in both has happened gradually; to the occasional visitor they are dramatic.

The most remarkable sight is McDonald's. The line stretches ten deep from the front door down the street, across the street, down one side of the park, and around the other side; it meets itself again at the street. "Only a two- or three-hour wait," our guide cheerfully explains. Fifty thousand Big Macs are sold every day.

McDonald's is so successful, Ambassador Jack Matlock later explains to us at dinner at Spaso House, because it raises its own beef, grows its own potatoes, bakes its own rolls, trains its own people. The ambassador takes the view that the Russians, contrary to the stereotypes, are a hardworking people, but they lack the standards by which to judge a job well done. His advice to Western businesses anxious to invest in the Soviet Union would be to send their employees West for whatever length of time is necessary to instruct them in work habits crucial to success.

THE NEW SOVIET MAN

Q. Mr. Gerasimov, is the *Moscow News* a government publication?

A. As you know, I was once the editor of the *Moscow News*. We have a press law that goes into effect on August 1. It provides for even more freedom in our press than already exercised. Conservatives also have their publications so that they can express their views. The conservative views of Soviet writers aren't to be confused with those of Mrs. Thatcher, who would not be happy with the term conservatism as applied, for instance, to Ligachev. But these Soviet conservatives have the opportunity to express their own views.

We have a lot of unnecessary quarrels in the press, among our writers. The Union of Soviet Writers is against the union of Soviet writers. But nobody is really out there demanding that we stop *glasnost* and bring back censorship. We have even abolished the body that used to be in charge of censorship.

There are generals who argue that there are too many articles critical of the military. So we ask them, Why are they accusing the messenger? If it isn't true—what they are saying—the military can always sue for libel.

Q. If the cold war is indeed over, how do you justify your continued subsidy of Cuba, et al.? Was that question raised at the Communist Party Congress?

A. Was Cuba discussed? At the Congress? Not so far as I know. It *was* discussed at the [Comecon] meeting in Sofia in January. We told them [the client states] that beginning January 1, 1991, all trade would be in market prices between the USSR and them. The subsidy to Cuba, as you know, is hidden. It is not in cash. We buy Cuban sugar at prices much higher than the market price, and sell them oil at lower than market.

Remember, now they are buying our oil, in Eastern Europe, at very high prices. Why should we subsidize the Cubans when our own economy is so bad? But the government is pretty slow about these things, because we cannot drop our obligations tomorrow. If you promise, you must deliver.

Q. Now that you have dropped your opposition to a united Germany remaining within NATO, do you see a large role for the Soviet Union in relation to the new Germany?

A. We want to be integrated into the European economy. We want to be a part of Europe. We think we are gaining ground. The job of learning about the market is being done at home.

We want to have relations with everybody, but Germany will be our major economic partner. East Germany already is; Finland is second. After unification, Germany will be first. They are accepting our managers there for special training, as we move from a socialist economy to a planned market economy. We don't know what to do, so they are teaching us the tricks of the trade.

Q. What is the role of the military in these developments?

A. The military? They are divided. The top people are supporting *perestroika*. At least they talk that way. After all, it is not theirs to reason why, it is theirs to fight and die. Others occupy the back seat. But *perestroika* did create a lot of logistical problems and psychological problems. They—the military—are being criticized. And they are not used to criticism. Now that it is happening to them, they are unhappy.

And the second point: Gorbachev is cutting military manpower by a half-million. He announced that at the UN in New York two years ago. So what to do with the half-million? It is a problem of jobs, housing. And then we are taking our armed forces out of Eastern Europe and, eventually, out of Germany. Again, a problem of housing, jobs, etc.: the military are not happy. But one of the counter-arguments we have to use is that the reduction of the military was always in the cards—why didn't they *prepare* for the housing shortage? They didn't do anything about it until the problem arose. My own suspicion is that they never actually believed that there was going to be demobilization.

But these are logistical problems. I think they will be solved. And I think the military are going to help. General Albert Makashov [for instance] became instantly famous with his sharp criticism of *perestroika*. His speech in the Congress reminded me of a position NATIONAL REVIEW used to take in the [Fifties]—Who lost China? As if China belonged to the United States. Who owns Eastern Europe, after all?

Q. By what means, under the new dispensations, can the government influence the press?

A. Perhaps the main way in which the government can harass the press is by rationing newsprint. In my time, when I was the editor of *Moscow News*, we had difficulties in getting enough newsprint. We don't have the United States' market economy. The shortage of newsprint is

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At Spaso House I meet Sergei Stankevich, the 35-year-old deputy mayor of Moscow, who tells us that he has resigned from the Communist Party just that afternoon. When I raise my glass to toast him, fumbling for the right word, he raises his and says, with a wry smile: "Congratulations, you suppose?"

Vitaly Korotich, editor of the weekly magazine *Ogonyok*, which has gone from a circulation of 260,000 to 4.5 million in two years, tells me that this morning he and his employees voted to break from the Party and the state, and to buy the magazine from the government. It will be the first independent publication in the Soviet Union in seventy years. But many of the ostensibly official publications have de facto broken free of Party control. *Moscow News*, for instance, recently devoted its center spread to the manifestos of 18 new political parties. Reading its defense of private property as the foundation of any true democracy, we are amazed at how far *glasnost* has gone.

We remain incredulous at the meeting with Gennadi Gerasimov, who told us, incidentally, that he was a reader of *NR* back in the Seventies when he was sta-

there. This is something which limits its circulation.

For instance, *Novy Mir* had a very unhappy thing happen to it. We have a tradition of literary magazines. We call them "thick" magazines. Three hundred pages. They publish short stories, literary criticism, that kind of thing. We have maybe ten or 12 of these. Some of your universities publish this kind of stuff, but with small circulations, maybe five thousand. *Novy Mir* had a circulation of seven hundred thousand. Last year, the government decided to end the limits on circulation. Whereupon *Novy Mir* went to 3.5 million. Money is there—but the newsprint is not. The editor submits to the printing shop proofs of the next issue. But because the shop is lacking in paper it is still working on the April issue in July.

As you can easily understand, it is a highly profitable business. But *Novy Mir* cannot use that money to buy newsprint. When we do move to a market economy everyone will be happy.

Q. What do you expect to see in five years?

A. We live in a planned society, which means we don't know what is going to happen tomorrow. In ten years—seriously—we will be just another member of the European Community, prosperous because our country is rich in climates and resources. Everything is here, only the system is wrong.

Q. What will be the future of the Communist Party?

A. The Communist Party is losing its authority with the people, that's for sure. One of the immediate reasons for this is of course that it has had a very difficult history. Another reason is that they [the Communist Party] don't know what to do with the economy. With empty shelves, there is general discontent. And this means that the people are against the party that is in power.

That happens in every society: the party in power loses its popularity, so that to recover, it has to come up with answers. Our government, through Mr. Ryzkhov, submitted a program for economic recovery, and he called it "radical" in describing it to our parliament. But in the parliament that program was defeated. It was called incompetent and insufficient. The reforms were supposed to start with raising the price of bread by a factor of three. So Mr. Gorbachev, when called upon for comment, said that he was going to take a vacation. But not Mr. Ryzkhov—because parliament told him to prepare a new program by September 3. So, if he comes up with a good answer, we should accept it and expect that the parliament will give its stamp of approval—then *maybe* the Party will recover. But not completely.

Q. How is the idea of private property developing, and what do people think of it?

A. There are those who say all kinds of property are legitimate. But how is it going to work in practice? I only know that nobody knows. First we get privatization—perhaps of light industries; then heavy industry later, who knows? This situation creates an ideological quarrel between those who read too much Karl Marx—they don't like it—and those others who are more pragmatic. The more pragmatic people are saying, Look, principles are good, where they work. So if the system does not work, it must be changed. All of those who read too much Marx are saying: Marx is good, it is simply the applications of Marxism that are bad, so we must return to basics.

Well, we tried to combine the socialist sense of security with market abundance: free health care, free education, and job security, no unemployment. But all of this was, as we discovered, at a very low level. Jobs were there but pay was very low. Health services free—but inadequate in many ways. Education is also free, but education is still being criticized. That is why we have so many critics of the system. The system created its own critics.

Q. We are told that one of your problems is that there is a natural resentment among Russians of those who are more successful. Is that a problem?

A. Yes. For 72 years we tried to educate people in egalitarian terms. In your society you try to keep up with the Joneses. In our society somebody sees that his neighbor has a better house and a better salary, his lawn is greener, his wife prettier—he is not blaming himself because he is less successful; perhaps he should try harder, start again? No. He is trying to put his neighbor down. Not to catch up with the Joneses but to bring everyone down to the level of the Ivanovs.

But a very strong psychological momentum can build up, generated by capitalist thought and *perestroika*. People are envious of those who go to private enterprise and achieve greater success and higher salaries. It is a problem. But we have to count on success. □

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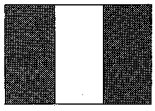
tioned in New York. He spoke frankly, openly—recklessly, by the standards of not so long ago. As Bill put it, it's as if Jesse Helms called a press conference to tout the virtues of Marxism, atheism, and pornography. On that last point, incidentally, the Intourist Hotel's nightclub now has a topless cabaret, followed by a lively discotheque, at which the harder-living members of our group are rumored to have ended up two nights running. They report that Gorbachev's campaign against vodka seems to have had little effect.

Our meeting with Sergei Plekhanov at Georgi Arbatov's U.S.A.–Canada Institute is different, very different, in tone and substance. Here we get the Party line, modulated to be sure, with that lacing of double-talk that Soviet diplomats interested in survival mastered long ago. Plekhanov, by the way, knows John O'Sullivan, which comes as no surprise to us since John knows everyone. It turns out they met years ago at a party in Washington.

One doesn't question authority, especially when one is about to leave the country. In the bus going to the airport we had filled out the customs and currency form that is required of every departing tourist, to indicate that you are leaving with the rings, necklaces, watches, cameras, and tape recorders you brought in, and to indicate how much you have spent in cash in the USSR. We are now told that these forms will not do, and are issued forms identical in every particular except the shade of paper they are printed on. Gay Gaines is overcome with giggles. Reading the instructions on the departure form, she has come across a piece of advice: "IF YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN TO DECLARE SOMETHING ON ENTRY, IT IS BEST TO PERSIST IN YOUR ERROR ON DEPARTURE. IN THIS CASE HONESTY IS NOT ALWAYS THE BEST POLICY." —WA



ITALY

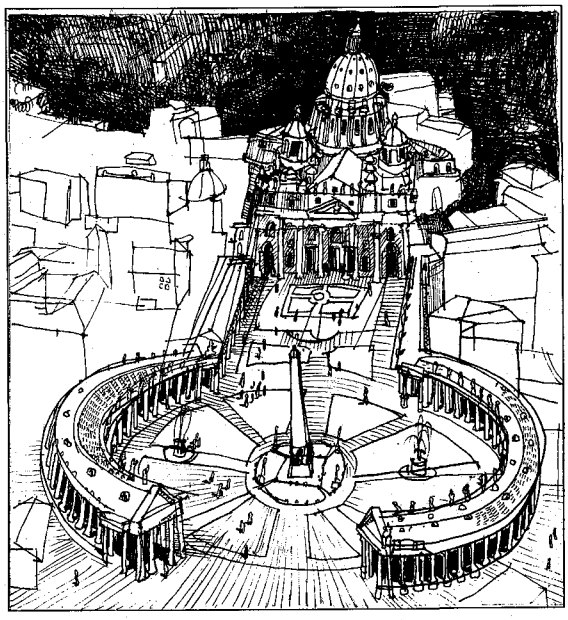
Rome, Thursday, July 19, 10:00 P.M.—It seems forever since we climbed into the Intourist bus. Our flight left Moscow late, but Austrian Airlines holds the connecting flight in Vienna for us, and we duly arrive at Fiumicino. We brace ourselves for another airport performance. We are, after all, in Italy, where trains ran on time only for Mussolini. We are wrong. The bags are on the carrousel before a lackadaisical official has waved us through, scarcely glancing at our passports. The bus—large, comfortable, and air-conditioned—is waiting. The rooftop restaurant at the Hotel Eden greets us with no visible sign of impatience. The pasta is ambrosial.

The next day we visit Thomas P. Melady, ambassador to the Holy See, whose offices are in the house where Eugenio Pacelli, Pope Pius XII, lived as a boy. The ambassador briefs us on the history of formal U.S. relations with the Vatican and on the delicate maneuvering by which the U.S. interacts with other nations via the Holy See.

At lunch, John O'Sullivan introduces us to another old friend, Professor Antonio Martino, president of the Mont Pelerin Society. Does Professor Martino believe the Soviet Union understands the market economy? No, he does not. They talk about it, he says, but in practice they remind him of some of the Pacific islanders following the Second World War. After the Americans had come through but then departed, the islanders felt they knew what to do to recapture that brief moment of prosperity. They flattened a piece of land, as for a landing strip, raised a facsimile of a control tower, and waited for great silver birds to come and shower them with abundance. Mr. Martino points out that though thousands of books have been written on how to go from capitalism to socialism, not one has been written on how to go back, which is rather like having an airplane manual that doesn't tell you how to land. As for Europe '92, he comments that Italians are for it in principle, but unenthusiastic about it in actual practice.

That afternoon we visit the Sistine Chapel. But I will let Wick tell that story:

WALTER PERSEGATI, retired head of the Vatican Museums, greets us warmly and ushers us on our way for a private tour of the newly restored Sistine Chapel. Inside we are greeted by Archbishop Paul Marcinkus, deputy governor of Vatican City and native Chicagoan, who with fatherly pride regales us with many stories of Michelangelo, whose paintings are now revealed in all their brilliant color for the first time in four hundred years. Meanwhile, our guide is whispering urgently in my ear: "Palatin Chapel! [Paulina? Napoleon?] Ask him to show you! It will be your only chance!" So I interrupt the archbishop to ask if we can see the Napoleon Chapel. He looks at me quizzically until our guide intercedes in Italian. Light dawns: "Oh, the *Pauline* Chapel! Sure, you will be among the few to see Michelangelo's last two paintings," and off we go. We pass through the papal private-audience hall into a splendid little chapel which the Pope uses for weekly Mass. It is a glorious moment, and one of our group is so struck by the sheer beauty of it that he collapses in awe into a pew. When it is time to leave, I have to pull him away.



Just so. We will all have to be pulled away from *bella Roma*.

—WA

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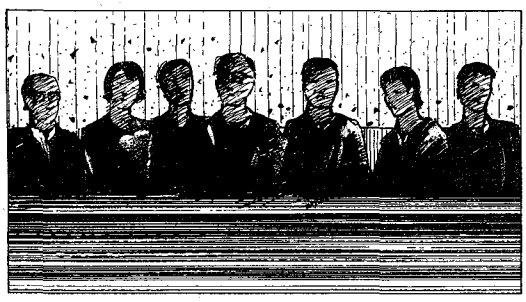
Memoirs of a Judicial Nominee

JUDGE NOT



The Bork confirmation battle made headlines and history. Other nominations have suffered an equally devastating, but less public, fate. A cautionary tale for judicial nominees, and their nominators.

BEN C. TOLEDANO

IN EARLY March of 1982, Jack M. Gordon, U.S. district judge for the Eastern District of Louisiana, died unexpectedly at the age of 51. Following the funeral, Louisiana Governor David C. Treen asked if I would let him recommend me to President Reagan to succeed Gordon. After some deliberation, I agreed.

In late May, I sent to the Justice Department, at its request, certain material written by and about me, including an article published in the New Orleans *Vieux Carré Courier* on December 26, 1969, entitled, "Toledano: No Token Race." The race referred to was political; I was running for mayor of New Orleans as a Republican against Democrat Moon Landrieu. (Landrieu won, serving as mayor for eight years before joining President Carter's Cabinet; he proved to be a strong supporter of mine during the judicial-selection process.) That article reads in part:

> "Then for six months prior to going to LSU in Baton Rouge in the fall of 1959 I worked for a group of people in Shreveport who were paying me six or seven hundred a month to travel throughout Louisiana to see if there was any prospect of starting a third-party movement. After six months I concluded that it would be impossible because no matter what efforts we might make, we would be branded a one-issue group. People would say this was being done just because of race and I advised them that they shouldn't spend any more money on it and that I didn't think it could be done."

In my letter enclosing the articles I said it was important to me for the Justice Department to know as much as possible about me to prevent any potential embarrassment to the President and his Administration. I believed from the outset that if there were any problems, they would have nothing to do with my professional experience and competence, but could only result from my political activity 23 years in the past.

No Problem

ON JUNE 7, 1982, I met in Washington with a number of high-ranking members of the Justice Department: Ken Starr, Ed Schmults, Jonathan Rose, Brad Reynolds, Chuck Cooper, and Bruce Fein. Every one of them indicated enthusiastic support for my nomination. The 1959 episode was discussed, and seemed to pose no problem.

In early June, Senators J. Bennett Johnston (D., La.) and Robert Dole (R., Kan.) wrote letters on my behalf to President Reagan and Attorney General William French Smith. On July 2, Fred Fielding, counsel to the President, replied to Senator Johnston, against whom I had run for the Senate in 1972, and said, "As you might suspect, I, as do you, see many letters of recommendation; however, few are written by former opponents and an even smaller number convey the strong feeling yours does for Mr. Toledano."

Once the attorney general's office sends the name of a prospective nominee to the chairman of the ABA Committee, an investigation, usually conducted by the Committee member from the judicial circuit involved, commences. In my case, on July 8 Brooksley Born, chairman of the ABA Committee, wrote asking that I complete the Personal Data Questionnaire sent to me by Jonathan Rose. Miss Born also sent me a copy of the ABA booklet entitled, *Standing Committee on Federal Judiciary: What It Is and How It Works*. "The Committee's evaluation of prospective nominees . . . is directed primarily to *professional qualifications—competence, integrity, and judicial temperament*" (emphasis added). Respecting "temperament," the Committee "looks to the prospective nominee's compassion, decisiveness, open-mindedness, sensitivity, courtesy, patience, freedom from bias, and commitment to equal justice, among other factors . . . The Committee does not investigate the prospective nominee's political or ideological philosophy except to the extent that extreme views on such matters might bear upon judicial temperament or integrity."

In the booklet's first nine pages, the Committee bends over backward to describe its extraordinary dedication to fairness, decency, and objectivity. Not until the last page and a half, in the section entitled "Confidentiality," do we get a clear picture of what the Committee is all about.

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> *A persistent concern* of the Committee in connection with its investigation of prospective nominees is *confidentiality*. . . . It is the Committee's experience that *only by assuring and maintaining such confidentiality can sources be persuaded to provide full and candid information.* [Emphasis added.]

After reading the booklet, my persistent concerns regarding the Committee became fairness, truthfulness, objectivity, and the absence of malice.

My objections to the ABA Committee were not simply the result of my own personal situation. When Gerald J. Gallinghouse had been under consideration for a district-court judgeship some seven years earlier, the ABA found him unqualified because the Committee said he lacked "judicial temperament." Gallinghouse had served for eight years as a dynamic, aggressive, and unbiased U.S. attorney. In the process, he stepped on toes—important toes, social toes, toes appended to arrogant, establishment-type lawyers. He paid the price. According to an article in the *New Orleans States-Item* on February 21, 1976, neither of Gallinghouse's two top former assistants had been interviewed by the ABA, even though both had requested an interview. Similarly, the Louisiana Trial Lawyers Association, composed of non-establishment plaintiffs' lawyers, wrote to the ABA asking why none of its members had been interviewed.

All Systems Go

REMEMBERING what Gallinghouse had gone through, I sought advice and guidance from the Justice Department. In response, Justice told me not to accept any new cases or clients, to begin making arrangements to withdraw from my law firm, and to prepare to take the bench sometime in January. On September 14, 1982, I formally notified my firm that I would withdraw effective December 31.

Very shortly thereafter, I learned that New Orleans' black mayor, Ernest Morial, had launched a campaign to discredit me. Morial had enlisted the help of Ann Lewis, the radical-liberal professional Democrat and sister of Congressman Barney Frank. She had come up with the "smoking gun" in the *Times-Picayune* of December 18, 1958. The article quoted me and others as saying that the States Rights Party of Louisiana should change its name to the Constitutional Conservative Party because "a group composed of John Kasper and other hoodlums and demagogues of his ilk" had dishonored the name through its National States Rights Party, with which we had no connection.

> Toledano said he agreed fully with [state chairman] Chandler that people and groups advocating violence and hatred of minority groups have nothing in common with the Louisiana States Rights Party.
>
> Toledano said: "We of the States Rights Party of Louisiana believe it is to the mutual advantage and benefit of both the white and Negro people for there to be separation of the races in all matters which are essentially social in nature.
>
> "We believe that public education is essentially social in nature. But even more important is the fact that each state should be sovereign as to its own internal affairs. Only local authorities are able to properly meet the needs of local problems."

I was not at all surprised by Morial's opposition, for after my substantial efforts earlier in 1982 on behalf of black State Senator William Jefferson to unseat Morial as mayor, Morial had told me, "You white MF, I'll get your a--; wait and see!" I couldn't fault Morial for going all out against me; after all, he and I weren't exactly good buddies. Furthermore, he had never been known for restraint, as illustrated by his gracious remarks in the *Times-Picayune* following his re-election: "I don't know why people want me to deal politically differently from any other mayor. Is it because I'm a n-----? Because I'm a n-----, I've got to be s--- on by everybody?" If Morial was my most formidable opponent, I thought, I should be in fairly good shape.

Nevertheless, on September 21, I wrote Jonathan Rose raising my concerns over the ABA Committee's procedures: What about the rights of the prospective nominees? Why are they prevented from refuting discrediting information? What about due process, the right to a hearing, the right to be confronted by one's accusers? One would naturally think that if any group would protect those basic rights, it would be the legal profession.

Since Rose had previously written to Congressman Henson Moore, "It is clear that Mr. Toledano possesses the qualifications, temperament, and philosophy suitable for appointment to this Court," I looked for his reply. As of this time, seven years later, I have still not heard back from him.

A funny story comes to mind arising out of an interview by a Committee member concerning my views on race. He had said the burden was upon me to prove to the Committee that what I had said when I was 26 years old had been adequately dispelled during the 24 years thereafter. I thought I'd lighten things up a bit and tell him of an experience I'd had ten years earlier. I told him about having the privilege of taking Ralph Ellison to lunch at Antoine's. During the hours we were there, everyone I knew treated me like an invisible man. When we left the restaurant, an acquaintance crossed the street to get away from us. A few weeks later, that same man said to me, "What were you doing having lunch with a n-----?"

I said, "Well, Billy, my father's eyesight has gotten so bad he can't drive any more and I was interviewing that man to be his chauffeur."

"Thanks for clearing that up," he said.

Upon hearing the story, the Committee member asked, "Who's Ralph Ellison?"

Direct Engagement

NOTHING was done on my nomination until after the congressional elections on November 2. At that point, I was told unofficially and informally that Brooksley Born and her fellow ABA Committee member William T. Coleman Jr. were adamantly opposed to me.

I immediately telephoned Miss Born and requested an opportunity to meet with her. She kindly agreed, and I flew to Washington in mid November. Although she and I had different agendas, she being a social and political activist, I found her willing to listen. However, she had already committed herself to Coleman; it was his mind that would have to be changed.

On December 15, I flew back to Washington to visit with Coleman, secretary of transportation under President Ford, establishment lawyer, and professional board member. Miss Born and former Senator Hugh Scott, a dear friend and supporter, joined us for the meeting in Coleman's office. Coleman was very natty in his three-

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piece pin-striped suit, and, reminiscent of Captain Queeg, he constantly caressed the key on his gold watch-chain. Immediately he pointed out that he had forgone a board meeting of the Chase Manhattan Bank in order to visit with me. That statement was typical of everything he said.

About Face

THERE WAS basically one point he wanted to make: it was inconceivable that any decent, reasonable lawyer could have failed immediately to accept the decision in the 1954 *Brown* case. I calmly stated that, however immoral it might have been, the "law of the land" for 61 years had been that separate but equal was constitutional, and 99–plus per cent of the white lawyers and judges in the Deep South had opposed *Brown* whether vocal about it or not. I wanted to tell him that he was *more ignorant* than I if he believed that judicial decisions could be expected to change immediately the hearts and minds of men, even lawyers. I should have at least shared with him the thoughts of Dr. Samuel DuBois Cook, president of Dillard University and friend to the late Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Dr. Cook wrote: "I am absolutely convinced that the use of the remarks you allegedly made in 1958, when you were only 26 years old, is terribly unfair, indecent, humanistically intolerable, and morally reprehensible. It denies you the precious and sacred room in which to grow, develop, and mature."

During the interrogation I thought to myself that things were going about as poorly as they could; I was mistaken. "You're a Jew, aren't you?" Coleman suddenly asked. I knew what he was doing: he must have been confronted with certain information concerning my outspoken criticism of anti-Semitism, which efforts he had to explain away.

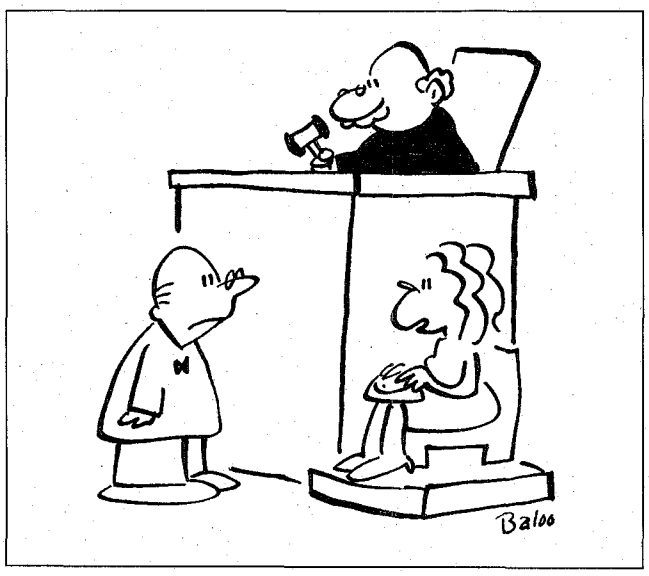
"Well, Mr. Coleman," I said, "I've never really thought much about that question, but since you've asked, the fact is my maternal grandmother was Jewish, though I was not raised in the Jewish faith." I could see that his attitude was making both Miss Born and Senator Scott uncomfortable.

"If you have any questions about him, Bill, you should talk to John Minor Wisdom," said Scott.

"I already have," said Coleman, caressing his key. "I already have."

"Then," said Scott, "you should be satisfied with what kind of person Ben is." Coleman made no response. The meeting, which had ended before it began, was formally concluded.

Later that afternoon, I met with Fred Fielding and told him about the meeting with Coleman. "That son of a bitch," he said, "he's causing a lot of trouble and I'm going to find out why.



"Answer yes or no. Boy, have you *got a lot to learn!"*

He's wearing all these different hats and at the same time he's supposed to be an objective member of the Committee. He's speaking for the ABA, the NAACP, Morial, and for himself personally. He tells me that Ben Hooks [executive director of the NAACP] is adamantly opposed to you at the same time Dr. Sam Cook tells me Hooks has an open mind on the subject. I'm personally going to get to the bottom of this thing." I never heard from Fielding again.

Though Coleman cannot understand how a lawyer can change his views on the subject of public-school desegregation, perhaps he would be more charitable in the area of hiring practices. Coleman was the first black hired by the Philadelphia law firm of the late Richardson Dilworth. Though more blacks were later proposed for membership in the firm, Coleman, according to Dilworth, always rejected them. An article written by Tom Fox in the *Philadelphia Inquirer* in 1975 quoted Dilworth as saying that the problem cropped up every year after recruiting trips to Harvard and Yale.

"We were looking for bright young black law seniors," Dilworth said, "but every black I recommended was rejected by Bill Coleman . . . but I finally got a black candidate past him." Dilworth told Fox the story: "There was a brilliant young black graduating from Yale with impeccable credentials—and he had a fascinating Polish name. David Pittinsky. I said, 'Oh, Mr. Pittinsky, I'm going to get Bill Coleman through you, young man.' And I did. I submitted Pittinsky's law-school record, minus a photograph. Bill Coleman studied it carefully, found nothing objectionable and, sight unseen, recommended young Pittinsky for membership in the firm." According to Fox, Mr. Dilworth was greatly amused by the story. "Why, you should have seen the expression on Bill Coleman's face when I walked the young black man with the Polish name into his office and said, 'Bill Coleman, meet David Pittinsky.' "

Within a week after I met with Coleman, I telephoned Fifth Circuit Judge John Minor Wisdom and asked if I might talk with him. "Come on over right now if you can," he said. I was in his office in less than ten minutes. We greeted each other and he leaned back in his chair. "What's the problem?" he asked.

"Judge, there are things going on that I don't understand. William Coleman is a member of the ABA Committee and he's fighting me in every way he can. I just don't understand what's behind it."

"It must be Morial," said the judge. "You know, Mrs. Coleman is from New Orleans and her family and Mrs. Morial's family have been close friends for many, many years."

"I didn't know that," I said; "I didn't know he had any New Orleans connections." Then the judge told me he had been interviewed by the FBI concerning me. He mentioned having told them I had supported the ticket of Thurmond and Wright in 1948. "There must be some confusion, sir," I said; "I was 16 years old in 1948."

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"Maybe it was the 1960 election I told them about," he said, "when you were an unpledged elector."

"Judge," I said, "there's some confusion here. I was teaching school in Chattanooga, Tennessee, in 1960 and doing whatever I could for Nixon."

"Maybe I have you confused with Dave Treen," he said. "I'll have to call the FBI and clear that up."

"I'd greatly appreciate it if you would, judge." We returned to the subject of Coleman. "Do you know him?" I asked.

"I knew him in years gone by," he said, "when we were working together in Republican politics. I haven't seen him in a long time."

"Would you be willing to talk with him about me?" I asked.

"I'd be glad to, but I'd prefer not to call him. Perhaps you could ask Moon Landrieu to ask Coleman to give me a call."

"I'll ask Moon to do that," I said; "thanks very much for letting me come over." As I left the judge's office, I reflected upon that time in 1971 when he had actively sought the assistance of the ABA Committee to defeat David Treen for a U.S.-district-court judgeship. At that time, Wisdom had said, "I may not be able to get a judgeship for anyone, but I can sure as hell keep people from getting them," and he was right. Treen wasn't appointed. I saw no reason to ask Landrieu to ask Coleman to call Wisdom.

Stone Wall

IN LATE November of 1982, I wrote to Ed Meese, counselor to the President, and told him that in spite of Morial's efforts against me, the fact remained that "The most responsible and respected liberals and blacks in New Orleans not only support me but are also willing to publicly testify on my behalf." I informed him that during the meeting with Brooksley Born in mid November in Washington I had told her, "If anyone could furnish evidence of my having made a decision during my adult life based upon race, religion, or station rather than upon the merits, I would withdraw my name from consideration." Meese did not answer my letter, or even acknowledge receipt of it.

On January 20, 1983, I wrote to Deputy Attorney General Schmults and expressed my frustration over the fact that he and Fred Fielding had "spoken with Coleman but not with Dr. Cook, Senator Jefferson, Senator Braden, Councilman-at-Large Barthelemy, Judge Augustine, Magistrate Douglas, and other prominent blacks who support my nomination . . . If I had been treated fairly, openly, and with some degree of kindness and consideration, I would not be so upset by this entire sordid episode."

In his response of February 22, Schmults wrote that he had been in touch with the Louisiana NAACP, and its chairman had told him that "she personally believed that you successfully had rebutted the allegations of racist attitudes that had been made against you. However, the board concluded that it could not support a candidate that did not share its views on the issues of busing and capital punishment."

Schmults went on to say: "We continue to believe that you possess the intelligence, integrity, and experience required to serve on the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals," and so on in that vein. Great! I thought. Then I turned the page. "*UNFORTUNATELY* [emphasis mine], it also became clear that your nomination would have become a major civil-rights controversy for the Administration. Despite our confidence that you would rule on cases in a truly impartial manner, there was a strong likelihood that your nomination would have been viewed by some as inconsistent with the President's commitment to equal justice under law. The Administration cannot afford to ignore the importance of the perception of equal justice among blacks and minorities." The perception of equal justice? *Perception?* In closing, Schmults asked me to withdraw my name from consideration.

Because the Administration's request was prompted only by political considerations, I refused to withdraw. After nine months of this ordeal, I was not going to make it easy for them.

One month after my letter refusing to withdraw, Schmults informed me that the Administration would not proceed with my nomination. Well, there it was, over and done with.

Without any doubt, I was bitter, embarrassed, and mad as hell, not over not getting a judgeship, but over the way the whole thing had been mishandled. My anger spurred my creative instincts and gave rise to my briefly famous "eunuch letter" to Schmults, the first thing I had said or written in ten months which got the attention of the real big-shots. In the letter, I outlined the political functions of eunuchs in China from the beginning of the Chou dynasty until almost the end of the Imperial regime. I pointed out that also in Persian, Roman, Byzantine, and Muslim empires, eunuchs functioned as powerful political advisors. And I called to Schmults's attention that "Lord Lansdowne, in 1732, chastened certain 'modern writers' when he said that they, 'like Eunuchs . . . sacrificed their manhood for a Voice and reduce Poetry, like Echo, to be nothing but Sound.' *Surely, that analogy would apply to all who sacrifice their manhood for a voice."* What really sparked their interest was my closing paragraph, saying that, since my own masculinity was still intact, I hoped the Administration would be as understanding of the actions I intended to take as it had asked me to be of the action it had already taken.

Caponic Scurrying

BOY, DID THAT cause some caponic scurrying. Poor Governor Treen, who had been trying to reach Chief of Staff James Baker for several weeks, finally heard from him the very day Schmults got the letter. Baker was angry and wanted to know what action I intended to take. Treen was very upset. And Meese finally responded—not to me, but to Louisiana's Republican state chairman, John Cade. Meese told him that my letter was "not indicative of judicial temperament." I couldn't let that pass so I dropped a three-page letter on Meese, concluding with:

> It is difficult for me to understand how someone in your position could display such callous insensitivity to any human being, much less to one considered to be a friend to the Administration and of those of its objectives which are highminded. I can only conclude that the politeness, decency, good manners, the "unbought grace of life," if you will, to which many of us in the Deep South are committed, are not important matters to certain persons from California, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. . . .
>
> You may rest assured that there is no position in the world so high and so important that the person who occupies it is exempted from the natural obligations of civility.

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Don't tell me; I know. They need not be exempted—they simply exempt themselves. Except for the eunuch letter and the Miss Manners letter, I took only one "action." I sent two books to Fielding, *Anatomy of the Rat* by Eunice Greene and *The Response of Crops and Soils to Fertilizers and Manures* by W. B. Andrews. Baker need not have been so concerned.

No one close to these events really believes I didn't get the judgeship because of any concern that I might be insensitive to the legal rights of minorities. In fact, the concern was from other quarters, from influence peddlers and string-pullers, from those who like to boast, "I've got a friend in court." The sad part is that the process lends itself so easily to this type of abuse. Wave the flag of racism, frighten the eunuchs, discredit the nominee under false pretenses and quietly get your own boy in. □

THE MAGIC OF THE MARKET

LOOK WHO'S NOT LISTENING

JAMES B. BURNHAM

WHO WAS listening, in September 1981, when Ronald Reagan exhorted the finance ministers and bankers assembled for the World Bank/IMF annual meeting "to believe in the magic of the marketplace"? Although Ronald Reagan received no applause during his speech, it appears that many were listening. Certainly the British were receptive, having already embarked on an extraordinary program to transfer more than six hundred thousand jobs from nationalized industries to the private sector. The Canadians likewise have had a successful program for several years. The French must have been listening, even if it took them several years to start deregulating financial markets and selling state enterprises.

The developing countries—initially, Chile and Bangladesh—heard the call and began to dismantle a myriad of government businesses. Even some who weren't at that 1981 meeting—including most of Central Europe and the Soviet Union—appear to have grasped that something is going on.

In short, most governments around the world have moved sharply in the direction of freer markets and less government intervention. There is an important exception, however: the United States.

Granted, in 1981 the United States already had freer and more open markets than nearly every other country. (Hong Kong's markets were probably freer.) But the fact remains that since Ronald Reagan spoke about the "magic of the marketplace" the United States has, with important exceptions (e.g., telecommunications and some financial services), moved away from the market system.

The broadest measure of the role of the Federal Government in the economy is the percentage of national output and income funneled through Washington. Here the evidence is neutral: Over the past four years, real government expenditures—including "off-budget" outlays, such as for the S&L bailout—as a percentage of GNP have been essentially the same as the 1980 level of around 22 per cent. But the evidence of specific sectors of the economy is more revealing.

Barriers and Subsidies

TAKE, for example, the growth of barriers to imports. Between 1981 and 1986 the share of U.S. imports from other industrialized countries subject to "hardcore" nontariff barriers rose from 9 per cent to 15 per cent; the share of imports from developing countries subject to such barriers rose from 14 per cent to 17 per cent. The U.S. performance was significantly worse than that of Japan or the European Economic Community. Consider the provision of public subsidies to private corporations and state-sponsored enterprises, which distort trade patterns and can lead to gross inefficiencies. While the level of such subsidies in the U.S. remains lower than that in most other countries, it more than doubled between 1980 and 1986. During this same period it remained essentially steady or declined in most of the other key industrialized countries.

In the area of U.S. barriers to our own exports, nothing significant has been done to reduce them since 1981. For example, prohibitions on the export of North Slope oil and restrictions on log exports from the Pacific Northwest remain in place. In addition, the U.S. Treasury has intervened occasionally in the foreign-exchange markets to prevent the U.S. dollar from falling "too low," thus short-circuiting the market's effort to make U.S. exports cheaper for foreigners.

To be fair, there is one expensive program designed to make U.S. exports more competitive, the "targeted export assistance program." This program throws taxpayer money (at least $265 million to date) into trade-subsidy battles with other countries.

Then there is the extent to which the Feds are still in business. Remember the high hopes at the beginning of the Reagan years? We were going to reduce the role of the Federal Government significantly in such areas as residential-mortgage insurance, farm credit, passenger rail service, airports, and a host of other areas.

Of these aims, almost none has been accomplished. True, National and Dulles airports serving Washington, D.C., and the federally owned Alaska Railroad have been spun off to state governments, and private satellite-launch services are now a reality. But compared to the extensive operations of the Federal Housing Administration, the Tennessee Valley Authority, Amtrak, and others, the small symbols of genuine privatization are lost among the giants of federally sponsored corporations and agencies.

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As Murray Weidenbaum, who served as President Reagan's first chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors, has put it, the Administration "did not make any significant cutbacks in the structure of regulation," though it did "virtually stop the growth in the issuance of new rules" under existing legislation. Yet Ronald Reagan completed the process of regulating dealers in government securities when he signed into law the Gov-

FREE MARKETS, FREE MEN

LONDON—Within living memory, the Western world was full of enthusiasts for nationalization. The British socialist Herbert Morrison explained why. "The industry will be more efficiently and economically conducted," he wrote. "The quality of service will tend to advance and the price charged will tend to fall." Britain's postwar Labor government matched its policies to his words, nationalizing coal, steel, gas, electricity, the railways, and the airlines. Thirty years later, a supposedly more pragmatic Labor government embarked on the 1979 election still urging the "need to extend public ownership into profitable and dynamic manufacturing industry."

The Labor Party lost: Margaret Thatcher won: and the perspective has changed so far that we can hardly imagine anybody holding quite such naïve views today. Try telling passengers on British Rail that the quality of service will tend to advance and the price to fall!

Today, the world has become equally enthusiastic—in theory—about the virtues of the market. The Adam Smith Institute has just held its fourth conference on privatization, with delegates and speakers from every continent and both sides of what used to be the Iron Curtain.

Madsen Pirie, the president of the Institute, has counted 21 different forms of privatization, ranging from a public share issue to a management or worker buy-out. Britain's experience during the past ten years can provide a number of useful lessons: for example, about the political importance, and difficulty, of pitching the price of privatization shares at the right level, so that the issue will be a success but not look as though "the family silver" (in Harold Macmillan's phrase) were being sold off cheap; conversely, about not worrying over past "public investment," which is simply money down the drain; and about the necessity of disarming and ingratiating all the special-interest groups—management, workers, and customers.

Privatization has been among the clearest successes of Mrs. Thatcher's government. (Ask the passenger who, instead of taking a nationalized train from London to Oxford, has the choice now of making the same journey by privatized bus at one-third the price and with six buses an hour.) Airlines, airports, buses, freight, telephones, gas, and water are among the "publicly owned" services which have been sold to living, breathing members of the public. In 1979 nationalized industries accounted for 10 per cent of Britain's economy: now they constitute only 5 per cent. A constant loss to the Treasury, which in 1979 was running at £50 million a week, has been transformed into a substantial profit.

Another benefit has been a huge expansion of share ownership. There are now almost 11 million shareholders in Britain, more than three times as many as in 1979. The Labor Party is no longer threatening to renationalize on a large scale; it would alienate too many voters.

There is, however, a long way to go. Privatization shares became increasingly popular, not really as an investment, but as a short-term sure-fire bet, a few hundred pounds of instant profit in return for filling in a form. Half the people who bought those shares have since sold them: very few went on to invest in other sections of the stock market.

Nonetheless, the idea that businesses must make a profit has entered heads which were immune to it before. Electricity is scheduled for privatization later this year: and Mrs. Thatcher has mused about denationalizing the coal mines and the railroads. There are sporadic calls to allow competition into the moribund postal services.

But some sacred cows remain untouchable. The controversial reforms of the National Health Service adopt elaborate measures to reproduce, clumsily, market pressures without a market. Would Britain's appallingly bad state schools not be much improved by privatization? Of course they would: but no orthodox politician dares to propose it.

As several speakers emphasized at the London conference, privatization is essentially a political process operating in the economic field—just like nationalization. Naïve theorists used to regard nationalization as an economic and social cure-all: the danger now is that privatization may be treated as a magic wand that will painlessly transform all the deficiencies of a misconducted society.

Bankers in Eastern Europe know less about stocks and shares than the smallest small businessmen in the United States. Throughout much of Africa, capital markets have hardly developed beyond the trading of cattle. And in many parts of the world people have been taught to believe that profit-making is "profiteering" and the unequal consequences of a free market are an abomination. The seeds of privatization cannot be expected to flower in such neglected soil without big political changes.

The changes will always provoke hostility. There will be short-term losers financially, and quite a lot of people—bureaucrats, managers and union bosses, even academics—will resent the loss of power. A danger will also exist that whatever unpleasantness occurs—bankruptcies, interim unemployment, price rises—will be blamed on privatization.

Even the London conference rested on a perilously narrow philosophical foundation. Privatization is, indeed, an engine of prosperity. But, in the final analysis, the only unassailable reason for a free market is freedom itself: and, notoriously, those whose primary interest in freedom is anything other than freedom are apt to lose it.

—ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Mr. Lejeune is NR's *London correspondent.*

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ernment Securities Act of 1986. This showed how weak the belief in "the magic of the marketplace" was in the President's own house.

In no area has the retreat from the market been more sweeping—and less understood—than in the provision of financial credit. At the end of 1989, 41 per cent of all outstanding home mortgages were directly or indirectly guaranteed by federal agencies or corporations. Another 47 per cent were supported by indirect government funding or insurance. In 1989, 73 per cent of all farm debt had federal support. Nearly all student loans today are federally guaranteed.

Some of the federally sponsored agencies, such as the Federal National Mortgage Association (FNMA)—the third largest corporation in the United States—present themselves as private corporations. However, no one ever doubted that if the FNMA ran into trouble, the Federal Government would bail it (and its creditors) out, as was proven in the early 1980s.

The case of the Farm Credit System is somewhat similar. Early in the Reagan Administration, an attempt was made to deal with this government-sponsored bank for farmers, either by getting it more firmly under executive-branch control or by genuinely privatizing it. The effort failed, and the managers then helped pump up the farm land boom; when prices collapsed, they had to be bailed out at a cost of up to $4 billion.

Of course, the collapse of the Farm Credit System looks trivial next to the failure of the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation (FSLIC) and hundreds of S&Ls. With government poised to take over or liquidate in excess of five hundred institutions, a significant portion of the industry has been, in effect, nationalized.

Furthermore, the commercial banks' deposit-insurance system—the FDIC—suffers from many of the same faults as FSLIC. Because of developing-country loan defaults, the FDIC came much closer to collapse in the early 1980s than many people suspect, and it remains highly vulnerable.

Rhetoric and Action

HOW DO we explain the United States' lack of progress—or indeed backsliding—when it comes to greater reliance on market forces? Why couldn't President Reagan's actions match his rhetoric?

Part of the reason undoubtedly lies with the starting point. The payoff in moving toward market forces for countries in Central and Eastern Europe and Africa—which have had massive state intervention in their economies—is very large. In the United States, the concrete political payoff from selling off Amtrak, for example, would be small compared to the heat the government would take from communities which stand to lose passenger rail service.

In Ronald Reagan's case there were also competing claims on his political capital. Stopping inflation, engineering a military buildup calculated to bring the Soviets to their senses, and cutting taxes were his highest priorities. Selling off the TVA, dismantling the Departments of Energy and Education, and doing away with rickety government credit and insurance programs were not high enough up on the list of things to do.

How does the current Administration measure up? George Bush's support for an open international trading system and discouragement of "industrial policy" types who lurk within the Administration suggest a continuation of the Reagan philosophy.

On the other side of the ledger is Bush's capitulation on the centerpiece of his presidential campaign: the "no new taxes" pledge. Whatever the outcome of the so-called "budget summit," the President has turned his back on the single most effective check on further expansion of the federal sector. Rather than use his ample political capital to press for a dramatic reduction in federal functions and outlays, the President has squandered his capital by accepting, in principle, further expansion of the government's role.

The irony remains: it looks as if Ronald Reagan's exaltation of "the magic of the marketplace" has had a greater impact on Central and Eastern Europe and the Third World than on the United States. □

THE CLAREMONT CONFERENCE

FAITH AND/OR REASON

JAMES R. ROGERS

WITH THE collective yawn that greeted the two-hundredth anniversary of the French Revolution, and the simultaneous repudiation of Communism around the world, what is left, practically speaking, of the progeny of *the* modern movement, the eighteenth-century Enlightenment?

Although academics may be excused for padding around the musty halls of history, the 18 conservative intellectuals gathered together by William Rusher and the Claremont Institute to discuss "The Ambiguous Legacy of the Enlightenment" treated the topic as anything but arcane. One point on which there was agreement was that how the questions raised by the Enlightenment are answered today is vital to the future of American society. The link involves the American Founding. Does the Founding's partial reliance on Enlightenment ideas doom the project, by its own logic, to the nihilism of the French Enlightenment?

The conference revolved around two basic attitudes toward the Enlightenment, arising from different understandings of the role of reason and religion in civil society. Those questioning the fundamental stability of the Enlightenment project—principally Ernest van den Haag of Fordham, Richard John Neuhaus of the Institute on Religion and Public Life, and Gerhart Niemeyer of Notre Dame—essentially commended St. Anselm's proposition: "I believe, that I may understand." We shall call this group the fideists. Those more favorably disposed toward the Enlightenment—principally Eva Brann of St. John's, Charles Kesler of Claremont–McKenna, and Ralph Lerner of the

Mr. Rogers was a Publius Fellow at the Claremont Institute in 1989.

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University of Chicago—amended this proposition to: "I may believe, but I understand." We shall call this group the synthesists.

The first proposition sets forth faith as the ground of reason. Those advancing the second proposition view faith and reason as separate realms, realms to be synthesized on civil matters in order to secure public peace.

For the fideists, the nihilism of the French Revolution was the logical consequence of the Enlightenment understanding of reason. The synthesists view the French Revolution as a deviation from Enlightenment principles.

Neutral Ground?

ENLIGHTENED REASON, the fideists assert, is not neutral ground, no matter how much Enlightened prejudice insists that it is. Enlightened reason, argued Niemeyer, "is no longer experienced as a partnership between the human soul and the divine inspiration, it is man's exclusive possession. . . . 'Reason' means above all ultimate control." Control over nature, the soul, and the social order. Human power is the central urge of the Enlightenment religion: "Enlightenment's 'reason' is a modern myth of human power, a myth eventually generating another myth, that of 'self-salvation.' "

In fact, van den Haag observed, while the Enlightenment version of the myth is modern, it simply re-expresses the habitual Western urge to self-salvation found, for example, in the fifth-century heretic Pelagius, who denied God's authority over the human soul. The councils that condemned Pelagius recognized that if you banish God from the soul, man reaps nothing that smacks of salvation. Rather he reaps, in Niemeyer's words, "only destruction, convulsions, annihilations, oblivions, separations, and loss of common bonds of all kinds."

In contrast, Lerner and Kesler both argued that the problem of 1789 was not that the French pursued Enlightenment reason to its logical conclusion, but that they denied reason. Kesler surveyed John Adams's objections to the French Enlightenment: "Adams denounces the Revolution not for being far gone in rationalism, as Burke and most modern conservatives do, but for being *irrational*. Reason is not the enemy, and therefore he does not ask for a better guide than reason." Lerner made much the same point about Madison and Jefferson, and concluded: "In sum, the Enlightenment in America retained its hope and promise: a private sphere for free consciences and free markets, a public sphere for securing the conditions for peace and general prosperity."

Both the fideists and the synthesists argue that the principles they forward are the grounds for the limited state and for liberty under law. But while the two sides agree on a host of conservative policies, there is profound disagreement as to the justification for these recommendations.

Weighing in at this point was Neuhaus, with his insightful analysis of the philosopher Richard Rorty. Neuhaus quoted Alasdair MacIntyre's observation:

> It was the shared belief of the protagonists of the Enlightenment . . . that one and the same set of standards of truth and rationality—indeed of right conduct and adequate aesthetic judgment—was not only available to all human beings *qua* rational beings, but [these standards] were such that no human being *qua* rational person could deny their authority.

The collapse of the Enlightenment project, Neuhaus urged, occurred with the rejection of standards. Indeed, Rorty, terming himself a "liberal ironist," denies any such idea as that there's a reality "out there." All such ideas, whether in the form of theology or metaphysical speculation, are just religious assertions.

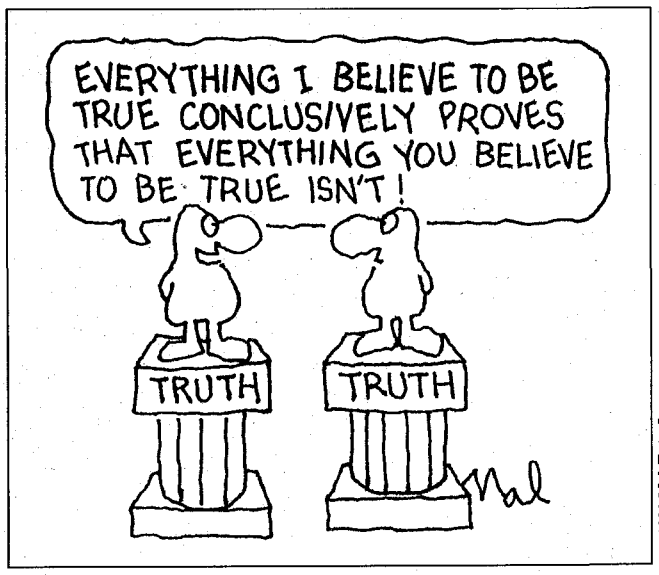
Rorty knows there is nothing out there, so he worships nothing. But has Rorty actually stumbled across the neutral ground from which he can judge all the rest of us? Applying Rorty's own skeptical methodology, Neuhaus wondered whether Rorty introduces another religion into the equation, one that truly does *worship* nothing and can't even answer the question, "Why not be cruel?"

In one sense the fideists and synthesists join in opposing Rorty's abject irrationalism. In another sense, however, Rorty represents a special problem for those advocating intellectual peace with the Enlightenment. Eva Brann, for example, observed that in the Enlightenment's first expression, "Along with the attacks on religion came the criticism of scholasticism in particular and of metaphysics in general." That is, Rorty represents, not a deviation from the logic of the Enlightenment, but its very *telos*.

On the other hand, the fideists, with the possible exception of Neuhaus, do not seem to appreciate that the Enlightenment occurred in response to felt needs among large groups of people. To celebrate pre-Enlightenment Christendom *in toto* is too facile a treatment of those needs as the mere product of intellectual rebellion.

In his opening remarks William Rusher reminded the participants that they were merely at the beginning point in the task of understanding the legacies of the Enlightenment. The conference was an opening foray into questions largely pushed aside during the last generation or so when external threat demanded intellectual as well as physical vigilance.

This was the first in what is intended to be a series of conferences; its purpose was to reopen conservative conversation over basic issues of what America means. The topics of future conferences scheduled by Mr. Rusher and Claremont seek not merely to clarify issues (an endless task) but also to drive the discussion onto new ground: to raise uncomfortable questions and to provide, perhaps, uncomfortable answers. □



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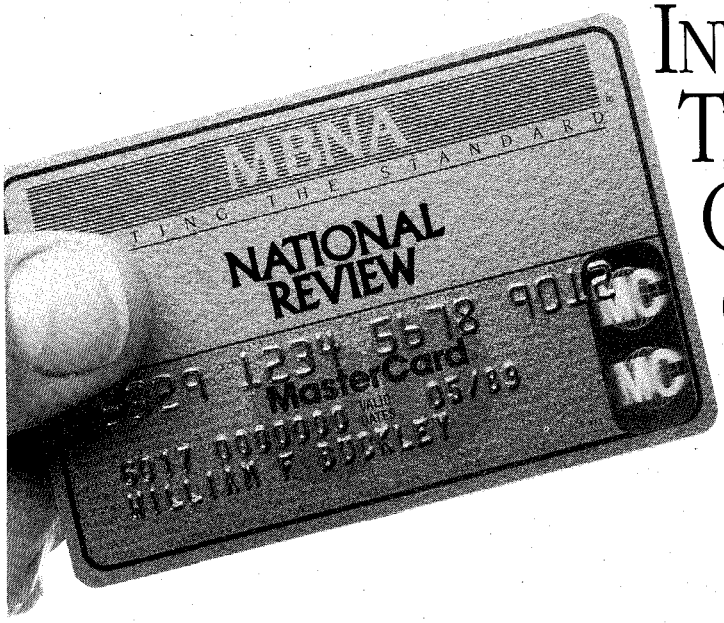

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Feminism Deconstructs Itself

NICHOLAS DAVIDSON

TWO NEW anthologies from Yale University Press reveal a feminism that has achieved academic respectability only to begin choking on its own contradictions.

The longer and more ambitious of the books, edited by Deborah Rhode, brings together 21 feminist academics, many of them very well known, such as Alison Jaggar and Catherine MacKinnon. The shorter and more narrowly focused book, edited by Rachel T. Hare-Mustin and Jeanne Maracek, presents five writers concerned with feminism and psychology. Between them, these two books provide an unusually good overview of state-of-the-art feminist philosophy, circa 1990.

Both volumes focus on "the question of difference," which, as their editors observe, has emerged as a major issue for feminist theory. To what extent are men and women different, to what extent are they the same, and should we even be asking these questions at all? Several contributors to these volumes call for an outright end to the study of sex differences, on the ground that such study inherently perpetuates sexual inequality. More specifically, "the question of difference" brings under its rubric the four most recent challenges to feminist theory.

Theoretical Perspectives on Sexual Difference, edited by Deborah L. Rhode (Yale, 315 pp., $25)

Making a Difference: Psychology and the Construction of Gender, edited by Rachel T. Hare-Mustin and Jeanne Marecek (Yale, 212 pp., $18.95)

The first of these challenges is the increasingly sophisticated body of knowledge on inherent sex differences, whether these are rooted in biology, universal social necessity, or both. This subject is of vital concern to feminists, for if men and women are inherently different, then traditional society, in its broad lines, is natural. The claim that women are oppressed evaporates, and feminism stands revealed as an absurdity. The response to this challenge in these two volumes, while possibly successful from a propaganda standpoint, is a striking failure from an intellectual one. Like sophists since the days of ancient Greece, the authors reject the idea that there is such a thing as "human nature." They rest this position on such dubious authorities as Margaret Mead, the Marxist academics Richard Lewontin, Steven Rose, and Leon Kamin, and the feminist philosopher Sandra Harding, without mentioning the devastating critiques of these writers' theories by, respectively, anthropologist Derek Freeman, sociologist Steven Goldberg, and philosopher Margarita Levin.

Jennifer Lawson

Similarly, when they discuss biology and gender, the contributors to *Theoretical Perspectives* and *Making a Difference* consistently describe reproductive-system differences as the only known biological differences between men and women, resting their arguments for "the social construction of gender" on this claim. They uniformly ignore the voluminous evidence that has accumulated since the 1950s concerning the role of the male hormone testosterone in aggression, the role of the female hormones oxytocin and prolactin in nurturant behavior, and the more recent discoveries of major differences in brain structure between men and women. Indeed, the variety and conclusiveness of such findings, along with their explosive accumulation across dozens of different disciplines, may well underlie the repeated demand in these books for an end to the study of sex differences altogether.

But unisexism is only one side of feminism. At the same time that feminists proclaim the sameness of men and women, they adhere with equal insistence to a conflicting doctrine: that women are different from men and better than they. In reality, feminism cannot do without either view. Feminism needs unisexism because if men and women are inherently different, then traditional society is natural. It also needs female chauvinism, because if women are oppressed, then men are oppressors. Yet both doctrines cannot simultaneously be true.

None of the contributors to these volumes appears to have grasped the necessary *philosophical* connection between unisexism and female chauvinism in the feminist perspective. Many of them, however, are keenly aware of the *historical* persistence of these conflicting points of view in feminist thought. They sense well enough that the continued viability of feminism requires some basis for coexistence between the two. But since unisexism and female chauvinism cannot simultaneously be true, the only effective way to reconcile them is to reject reason itself. The rejection of reason in turn reduces intellectual activity to a contest of wills, a means to power. In such a framework, truth is a function of expediency. Thus, in the penultimate essay of the Rhode volume, Alison Jaggar, chairman of the prestigious American Philosophical Association's Committee on the Status of Women, argues that feminists should

Mr. Davidson is the editor of Gender Sanity, *an anthology of leading critics of feminism (University Press of America, 1989).*

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insist on "having it both ways." "[F]eminists," says Miss Jaggar, "should embrace both horns of this dilemma. . . . They should use the rhetoric of equality in situations where women's interests clearly are being damaged by their being treated either differently from or identically with men. . . . Sometimes equality in outcome may be served best by sex-blindness, sometimes by sex-responsiveness." Thus, any pretense of intellectual consistency is abandoned —but this is seen as no great loss: it is preferable, in Miss Jaggar's view, "to live daily with contradictions."

Miss Jaggar's repudiation of reason, though a necessary move, does not solve a third and equally important challenge facing feminism: what are the "women's interests" to which she refers? A recurrent theme of these works, especially the Rhode volume, is that "women's interests are diverse." At times this view is carried to the brink of repudiating feminism altogether. Thus, one of the black contributors to the Rhode volume, Julianne Malveaux, argues: "In many ways, feminism has, at its core, ignored and distorted the status of Black communities. . . . When education, family planning, pension reform, social-service provision, and a host of related issues are seen as 'women's issues,' it undermines the interest that Black men (as well as other men) have in them." This focus on "diversity," when extended, as it is by several contributors, to issues of race, class, ethnicity, and so forth, threatens to call into question another fundamental assumption of feminism: that women represent a determinate interest group.

This brings us to the most troubling question of all for feminists today: Do women exist? Here feminism meets deconstructionism and the other modern forms of sophism—collectively referred to in these volumes, with considerable optimism, as "postmodernism." For feminists, the postmodernist challenge consists in this: on the one hand, sophisticated feminists now understand that feminism, because of its radically conflicted internal structure, *requires* irrationalism; on the other hand, if irrationalism is adopted, the concept of "woman" dissolves along with all other essences. If, as most of the contributors to the present volumes have come to believe, "context is all," then it is impossible to sustain the idea of a determinate entity *woman*.

The only possible solution, once one has gone so far, is to re-absolutize the concept of woman, and hence that of woman's oppression, by an *arbitrary* assertion of their continued validity. Thus, several contributors, after noting how postmodernist insights undermine the concept of woman and of feminism along with it, assert that, nonetheless, we can "affirm" feminism, as a perspective of continuing relevance. But—and this is all too glaringly apparent—they offer no *arguments* for this assertion.

Miss Hare-Mustin and Miss Marecek jump—a little too quickly—at the obvious rejoinder: "To assert that postmodern approaches are *the* correct way of viewing the world would violate the associated assumptions of postmodernism itself. Such an assertion would involve context stripping, holding that a single best approach existed for all questions, circumstances, and knowers." In short, if *nothing* is true, then it is always possible that *something* is true—so why not feminism? To which the no less obvious postmodernist reply is that feminism may be true, but there is no basis for thinking it is truer than anything else except feminists' desire that it be so. Thus, to defend feminism in postmodernist terms exacts a price: feminism survives by reducing its former claim of real, universal aggrievement to an arbitrary choice, which can no longer be justified on any ground stronger than personal volition or, more precisely, whim.

This allows us to make a prediction concerning the future of feminism: feminism will endure as one component of the intellectual Left, but its prestige will be visibly reduced, because it will be seen as one specific application of postmodernism—the more general, and therefore superior, case being reserved to deconstructionists, Rortian pragmatists, and the like.

One consequence of this is that male leftists, after years of obligatory deference to the feminists in their midst, now have ground (of a sort) to stand on. The results of this change are already visible in the mainstream media: thus, after years of uncritical support for feminism, the *New York Times Book Review* has begun to feature articles, often by male postmodernists, that express muted but unmistakable contempt for feminism, which, in the relentless shifting of leftist fashion, is increasingly seen as "simplistic."

For conservatives, therefore, these two volumes, and the developments that they represent, offer a spectacle of piquant irony, as feminism deconstructs itself. □

A Lesson in the Social Graces

MATTHEW SCULLY

I FIRST CAME UPON the name Evan Mecham in a comparison of the candidates carried by the *Arizona Republic* days before the 1986 gubernatorial primary. At one point the paper asked, "Do you oppose abortion?" The favored candidate's reply presented a forbidding block of print, his elaborate version of the standard "I'm opposed, but . . ." And looking very lonely in all the white space of the adjacent column was Mecham's full answer: "Yes." For all that was to follow—endless controversy, a suspect campaign loan, indictment, and impeachment—it will always be to Evan Mecham's great credit that even as the underdog, he alone could give a plain answer.

Four years have revealed less admirable qualities, not least the awful recklessness that was his undoing. Like a lot of us, Mr. Mecham had bigger goals than he had abilities, but he lacked the self-restraint and humility to heed men of better judgment. Hence, that astonishing facility for putting himself at the center of needless political dramas.

Mr. Scully, NR's assistant literary editor, worked for Arizona governors Evan Mecham and Rose Mofford.

High Crimes and Misdemeanors: The Term and Trials of Former Governor Evan Mecham, by Ronald J. Watkins (Morrow, 395 pp., $19.95)

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All these faults have been the subject of exhaustive editorializing in Arizona and beyond. A writer of substance looking to tell the story would ask himself if there might not be a fresher angle. And a bit of empathy might lead him to examine the conduct of those who brought Mecham down. In true drama, even a Shylock has his say; the corrupt are not without some scrap of goodness, nor heroes without their unheroic motives.

But as Ronald Watkins tells the tale in *High Crimes and Misdemeanors*, it was all a very simple affair. Mecham was a "devious" man, a "mean," "rigid ideologue," a "homophobe," and so on. Just about all his supporters were "white trash" who "lacked the common social graces, were usually attired in polyester, and were given to mispronounced and inappropriate English." And arrayed against them were all the decent people of the state: plainspoken rancher-legislators who love the land; "articulate," "clever" journalists; "straight-talking," "strappingly handsome" witnesses; "charming," "brassy," "statesmanlike," and even "doe-eyed" legislators.

It's one of the amusing twists of the liberal mind that the more one prides oneself on sophistication, as Mr. Watkins clearly does, the more simplistic and worshipful one becomes. So it isn't enough for the heroes of this melodrama to be right in this or that respect: they have to be towering, incorruptible, Periclean figures, the better to make the villain appear small and hideous. The liberal attorney Paul Eckstein, regarded locally as a compulsive media hound, can't appear in the story as a self-seeking lawyer like any other: he has to be "handsome, bright, full of wit," a juridical titan equal to the "historic" and "thankless task." And William French—here assigned the role of Archibald Cox opposite Eckstein's Leon Jaworski—is endlessly "charming," "urbane," and "elegant"; of "rugged build," yet "even-tempered."

Local scribes with a melodramatic turn likened the governor to Richard Nixon at the depths of Watergate—a flawed, forlorn, self-pitying, desperate figure. And to the extent that both were outsiders who scratched and clawed their way to prominence, persevering men who endured the unjust contempt of the political inner circles, the comparison is useful. But where the Watergate analogy most applies is in the liberal capacity for transposing themes of high drama onto commonplace and even mediocre men and events. Whatever quality it is that brings out the meanest in a Mary McGrory or a Lowell Weicker, Evan Mecham possessed it. And as with Nixon, one took Mecham's side if only in revulsion at the spectacle. The relentless sneering editorials, the self-satisfied lectures on the State Senate floor, the uproarious jokes in faculty lounges across the state—far from being cause for shame, these are the best testimony in his defense.

Then too, when I read Mr. Watkins's complaint about all that white trash lacking in "the common social graces," I thought of the cleaning woman at

Janet Hamlin

the governor's office, a black woman who had worked there some four or five years. Mr. Mecham would chat with her from time to time, just as he would with everyone else, and he saw to it that she was included when staff pictures were taken one day—small things you noticed only in the atmosphere of endless "racism" charges. I asked her once how well she had got to know Governor Mecham's predecessor, Bruce Babbitt, the former future President who was then off in New Hampshire. It turned out she could not recall him pausing even once to talk with her. And this was the governor who had boldly proclaimed the Martin Luther King holiday—the man who had once, as he was forever reminding us, "marched in Selma."

But in this book such hypocrisies do not make the heroes any less "charming." On page 275 we are reminded what a thoroughly delightful, "urbane" and "even-tempered" fellow Bill French is—"always courteous." But just a few paragraphs down, there's courteous Bill recalling how he and Eckstein had taken bets on which of them could provoke the governor first in cross-examination (the witty Eckstein prevailing in a close contest). Or recalling how he had boasted before the solemn proceedings of how "we're going to kick his ass." Or, as the author puts it, recalling the sheer "entertainment" of it all. (Mr. Watkins's fawning admiration of the superficial may also explain the brush-off he gives Mr. Mecham's Democratic successor, Governor Rose Mofford, the kindest of people but lacking the sort of pretension needed to rate a leading role in this account.)

Missing from the book is any sense of what Mecham was up against. Turning now and then from the role of arbiter of the social graces to that of analyst, the author even speculates on the governor's "defensiveness," his curious "narcissistic paranoiac personality." But if Mr. Watkins had really sought to understand his patient, he would have quoted some of the commentary about which Mecham felt so defensive, such as this sample from my own collection: "Mecham," wrote columnist Tom Fitzpatrick ("Fitz" being Arizona's most seasoned and feared newsman, Mr. Watkins tells us), is an "insensitive" man whose philosophy is opposed to "every decent thing and every warm human instinct." He's also—the beautiful sentiments having been dispensed with—"an ignorant racist," "a virtual illiterate," "an ass," an "evil, Hitlerian" figure, "a horrid little car dealer with a cheap toupee," and, the warmest comment of all, "a mediocre gnome with a cheap wig and a cocky sneer on his face."

Even allowing for the tiresome tough-talk of a puffed-up Local Celebrity, all this was just a bit out of proportion. Substitute names, dates and specific personal defects, and it could easily pass for a McGrory essay on Nixon or Agnew.

Evan Mecham's eulogists, when the day comes, will not linger long on the virtue of prudence. But for all his defects, he was not the racist or the "illiterate" or the "mediocre gnome" we find in this book. He was a decent man who even in triumph, when perseverance had finally paid off, couldn't

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quite ignore the cruel snobbery directed at him; a man whose pettiness and ambition could not be varnished over with a refined exterior; a man who never "marched in Selma" but whose kindness was not reserved for public events. The occasional Mecham in politics, whatever his flaws, has far less cause for shame than the urbane cynics so eager to laugh at his fall. □

Winging It

JARED LOBDELL

MR. PERETTI'S angels have swords; his demons breathe sulphur: their corporeality may be visible only through the eyes of the soul, but they are corporeal nonetheless. The angels attack under cover of prayer, as we have been taught, and the demons possess those who invite them in, but are vanquished by the name of Jesus, as we have also been taught. The Heavenly Host and the Host of Hell are both winged, the demons appropriately scaly. Both angels and demons fly through the sky and swoop down on our earthly towns. The demons may succeed for a while, but the angels triumph everlastingly.

This Present Darkness, by Frank E. Peretti (Crossway Books, 376 pp., $8.95)

Piercing the Darkness, by Frank E. Peretti (Crossway Books, 441 pp., $9.95)

Mr. Peretti's publisher acclaims him the successor to C. S. Lewis; the *Darkness* novels have sold in the millions. Yet the author's name is virtually unknown outside the Christian community ("Christian" in a restrictive rather than a catholic sense). What is Frank Peretti's place in the world of fiction, and why is he such a hit?

The novels are celebrations of the power of the prayer and "watchcare" that support the Host of Heaven and protect the people of God. No doubt this welcome message helps explain Mr. Peretti's popularity. One can imagine Christians turning to prayer —serious hardworking prayer—after, or indeed while, reading these books.

The villains in *This Present Darkness*—or rather, the human villains, for the Legions of Hell are thickly gathered about us—are the members of the Universal Consciousness Society. In *Piercing the Darkness*, the evildoers are members of the Summit Institute, which I take to be modeled on the Summit University of Elizabeth Clare Prophet, but even if not, in both books Hell's allies wear the clothes of the New Age Movement.

In the first, the efforts of the Legions of Hell are concentrated against Pastor Hank Busche of the Ashton Community Church; in the second, against the Good Shepherd Christian School, in Bacon's Corner, not far from Ashton. The plots involve trumped-up charges of all kinds, including sexual abuse and incest (against a crusading journalist, Marshall Hogan), child abuse (against the head of a Christian school), rape (against the pastor), and drug-dealing (against an honest cop and a teenager who might otherwise testify against the demon-possessed New Agers). Prayer by the Saving Remnant and intercession by the Host of Heaven rescue our heroes and heroines in the nick of time.

Hank Busche and Marshall Hogan (as well as Hogan's wife, Kate, and his sidekick, Bernice Krueger) appear in both books. So do the good angels Tal and Guilo, and Rafar, Prince of Babylon, and the Strongman, both of the Hosts of Hell. The scene in the first book is largely Ashton, the home of Whitmore College, which is to be sold to the Universal Consciousness Society through the combined machinations of a Satanist professor, the multinational Omega Corporation, the crooked local chief of police, and the New Age minister of the Ashton United Christian Church.

In the sequel the scenes shift from Bacon's Corner to Bentmore University, and from the Summit Institute to the Omega Center, publisher of *Finding the Real Me*, a Satanist/New Age fourth-grade curriculum; the novel even brings us to Washington, D.C., and the headquarters of the FBI, which is literally on the side of the angels. (Mr. Peretti has, perhaps, rather too high a regard for agencies of the U.S. Government.)

It is interesting (and may show the influence of C. S. Lewis) that the angels have earthly nationalities, including one who is apparently Samoan. None of them comes from realms untouched by Protestant evangelism. It is also interesting that, at the end of *This Present Darkness*, the angels take off (literally) for Brazil, a country with a particular attraction to evangelicals ever since the death there of the missionary pilot and Christian martyr Nate Saint.

Is it wrong to carp about the lack of personality in the angels, or about the lack of character development among Mr. Peretti's people? Nationality is as close to personality as the angels get,

Mr. Lobdell, an occasional contributor to NR, *is editor of a recent volume in the Schamberg Library of Black American Women Writers (Oxford).*

NOW SHOWING

Gremlins 2: The New Batch is undeniably fun—a lot of harmless, and not a few harmful, things are amiably spoofed—but the film is too timid to be significant satire.

Last Exit to Brooklyn is extremely unprepossessing. True, so is *The Lower Depths*, but Gorky's play has worked well on both stage and screen. The problem with this film is the lack of any real relief. Everything is sordid and sinister.

Pretty Woman is a double Pygmalion story that has to be seen to be disbelieved. Two golden-hearted whores find each other, fall in love, and make honest, married lovers of each other. A first, I am sorry to say.

Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down! is an old, established *topos*: Beauty and the Beast, or how the evil ravisher's genuine passion wins over his pure victim. Most reviewers have been hard on the movie. Yet filmmaker Pedro Almodovar was trying, in his way, to be more wholesomely affirmative than usual, and was punished for it. —JOHN SIMON

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and the humans are mostly either committed Christians or committed Antichristians, which (in the second case at least) makes character development irrelevant if not impossible: if you have surrendered your character, how is it to be developed? Nor does the story make up for dull characters. Mr. Peretti's plots are like *The Perils of Pauline*—a series of episodes.

The combination of unrealized characters and cliffhanging story-lines does not make for very interesting reading. One part of the problem was noted many years before Mr. Peretti was born by Dorothy L. Sayers: damnation is the only Christian tragedy, yet the committed Christian cannot be damned. An accumulation of dramatic incidents in this context will produce not drama (and certainly not tragedy), but melodrama.

Still, Mr. Peretti deserves his sales, and many readers will get exactly what they want from his books. These novels were very popular this past year on the campus of Messiah College, for example, and it is not difficult to see why. There is in the Christian community an appetite for stories that take the Bible literally: angels, demons, and all.

Mr. Peretti's novels can be shared

RANDOM NOTES

■ Is it just me—us? Prior to the American Booksellers Association convention in June [see "Random Notes," July 9], I received several invitations to parties, but that was it. Maybe the big publishers just don't care whether or not *NR* previews their fall lists, and to be fair, their convention activities are primarily aimed at galvanizing bookseller attention, although a number of those parties are primarily attended by other publishers. Anyway, the New York houses know where to find me.

Still, by the time I had left for Denver to visit the 41st convention of the Christian Booksellers Association, I had received more than two dozen letters and numerous phone calls from publicists at the Christian houses hoping I'd make time to visit their exhibits in the brand-new Colorado Convention Center. So maybe it isn't me—us.

In fact, the Christians are hungry and the lions are fat. At the ABA Convention, the big houses pass out scads of catalogues, but would pass out if a bookseller actually wanted to place an order. To them, the show is a promotional exercise; whereas at the CBA gathering, booksellers place millions of dollars of orders. Each CBA member store was provided with sheets of address labels, to facilitate order writing, and most publishers at the Denver show were busy morning to night. Fortunately, the exhibit hours at CBA run ninety minutes longer than at ABA.

Sure, when you see the many tacky Jesus T-shirts (beer label: "Budwiseup: His Blood's for You") and various tasteless examples of what's known as "holy hardware," you think: it's not just *business* going on here; this is where the buyers and sellers ended up after the Lord drove them from the Temple. Indeed, the purveyors of non-book items (jewelry, clothing, church goods, video, and audio) can seem on the verge of cleansing the exhibit hall of books altogether. But the glitz is only a thin veneer, and nearly all of the 11,000 souls in attendance—booksellers and publishers, buyers and sellers of all sorts—share a commitment to an enterprise that they almost always describe as a *ministry*, and most of the time they mean it.

Christian (which is to say Protestant evangelical) retailing is an industry with $3 billion in annual sales. Christian bookstores are often quite different from their secular brethren, by virtue primarily of their literary specialization (that wide range of books by religious writers), and their non-book inventories. The Waldens and Daltons have tried to sell what the ABA calls "sidelines," rarely with any success. But the business in crosses and choir robes in CBA stores is brisk; the profit per item vastly greater than with books. Still, you'll not soon see these stores throw the authors out.

Also different is the role of the author. To be sure, there are popular authors at the ABA convention; authors who get to know the booksellers, and to whom the booksellers are loyal—usually cartoonists. But most authors are distant figures, and loyalty (not altogether inappropriately) is only as steadfast as the last best-seller. Christian booksellers, however, cleave to their writers, giving them respect equal to and often exceeding the esteem granted the clergy.

Scripture, along with other books and holy hardware, completes the triad of Christian retailing. The Bible is every CBA store's best-seller, and the rest of the top-selling books make frequent references to the Book. Concordances, Bible dictionaries and handbooks, and other reference works ground the bookstores in predictable, profitable inventory. An ABA store turns itself inside out four times a year, struggling to maintain a profit-aiding backlist. The more restrained, efficient CBA store changes slowly, maintaining standard items year after year. (When I was in charge of religious publishing at Bantam Books, returns of unsold books from the "religious market" were approximately 5 per cent per year. From the rest of its retailers, Bantam took back better than 40 per cent. For a time, "Religion and Inspiration" was the largest nonfiction backlist category at Bantam, which nobody ever mistook for a Christian house.)

The two most visible genres at this year's convention were fiction and recovery. Christian novels have been gaining momentum ever since the popularity of C. S. Lewis reached its peak in the mid Seventies. The current king (the Stephen King?) of Christian fiction is Frank Peretti [see Jared Lobdell's review, above], but he is closely rivaled by Janette Oke and Bodie Thoene. Fiction takes up about half the twenty places on the current paperback best-seller list of *Bookstore Journal*, the CBA's trade magazine. Ten years ago not one novel made the list.

"Recovery" is a many-splintered thing. Alcoholism, drug abuse, wife beating, adultery—these things are, apparently, not unknown in evangelical circles, even with Jim Bakker behind bars. Whatever the problem, though, Christ is the answer, and many of these books seem to want to find homes in the world beyond the CBA market—just as Paul traveled to make converts among the gentiles. Pray for them, because there are too many of them—recovery books, I mean.

It is hard for the Christian publishers not to believe that anything Simon & Schuster can do, they can do better. That's almost right: they do better what is their specialty. In the era of growth, many will there be that fail, growing.

—Brad Miner

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by the entire family—the Christian family, that is. The books are sold mostly in Christian bookstores to believers, and this makes one thing quite clear. Whatever their genre may be, it is not "fantasy." In the minds of the author and his readership, these Powers and Principalities are altogether real, as real as the powers of prayer and "watchcare."

Neither is Mr. Peretti writing allegory, although the novels may descend, through many roundabouts, from Bunyan. In fact these are here-and-now adult Sunday-School stories, happy endings guaranteed. We are none the worse for happy endings, of course, and it would be hard to argue that we are any the worse for victories of the Host of Heaven and the Saints of God, however melodramatic. Perhaps we should just enjoy Mr. Peretti's novels in the way we once enjoyed radio serials such as *Jack Armstrong*, *Sky King*, and *The Shadow*. We might even call Mr. Peretti's novels *The Adventures of the Sky Kings*. Happy landings. □

Roth for Roth's Sake

DAVID KLINGHOFFER

IN THE PAST two decades, among those otherwise humorless novelists and critics in the literary vanguard, there has emerged an odd preoccupation with the idea of "play." A kind of prophet in this regard was the French literary critic Roland Barthes,

Deception, by Philip Roth (Simon & Schuster, 208 pp., $18.95)

who decried the inherent "terrorism" of all forms of human commitment—all but one. Writing, he thought, provided the only means of escape from the rules, hierarchies, and strict definitions of politics, science, and criticism. In writing, a man could do as he pleased: in a word, "play."

Well, as these things will, a version of the Barthes theory trickled down to novelists and story-writers—so that, during the Eighties, being a "postmodern" writer came to mean, basically, that you "played" all sorts of literary games with your readers. Into the stew of your work you tossed word games, bad puns, extraordinarily obscure allusions—any sort of gimmick you could think up.

Being postmod used to mean, in addition, that you were a European, or at least that you wrote like one. Now play has at last reached the more commercial and popular quarters of America's own novelists.

Philip Roth is best known lately for dumping his longtime publisher, the literary-minded Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, for a $1.9-million deal with the more commercially minded Simon & Schuster. A few months later the newly enriched novelist was talking to *Vanity Fair* about his passion for play. "What a writer has on tap," he said, "is the capacity . . . to play. I'm in here trying to find out what the game is. . . . What I'm doing is looking to find out how to play."

The interview coincided with the release of *Deception*, Mr. Roth's newest book. The novel is what is called "a major departure." Mr. Roth's earlier works—mostly funny novels featuring besieged Jewish males, often besieged Jewish male writers, as their protagonists—have as a rule included such conventional trappings of storytelling as: a plot, some degree of sustaining tension to help push the sequence of events to its conclusion, a webbing of bright narrative in which to set the author's trademark brand of fast-paced, seamless comic dialogue. *Deception* dispenses with all of it, to the disappointment of anyone who enjoyed the previous books.

Just for the fun of it, Mr. Roth has created a book composed entirely of dialogue. At the head of a line of speech, he doesn't even note the speaker's name. You have to figure it out. It's an act of bravado, obviously, and in some ways it works. *Deception* consists mostly of conversations between a fifty-year-old married novelist named Philip and his unnamed 34-year-old mistress, also married, and a mother—and overheard by us immediately before or after they've had sex. It's a tribute to Mr. Roth's power as an artist of dialogue that you don't really even need to have the speakers named up front. From tone, word choice, and sentence patterns, you can usually tell whether it's he or she. She, for example, sounds like this:

> "I just had my mother for the weekend. And he [her husband] just disappeared. And I think about you a great deal. And tomorrow I have to have lunch with my mother-in-law, which is a slightly grueling experience—she's a woman who can really criticize. She can be so hellishly unpleasant that one tries to keep things out of her way. And the nanny is restive. They all hop around from one house to another, the nannies, comparing employers, and ours becomes very restive. And you know what a cervix is? . . . Such a silly word, 'cervix.' Well, I've got a lump on mine. And . . ."

In the past, Roth has made a teasing practice of loading his fiction with chunks of autobiography. His passion for self-reference is at the center of the tedious game in *Deception*. Actually, the game is a puzzle.

Through 208 pages of largely tepid chatter the most interesting question to arise is whether, in the book's fictional world, this well-recorded affair actually happened. In a late chapter we meet Philip's wife. She's a para-

Mr. Klinghoffer is a movie and television critic for the Washington Times.

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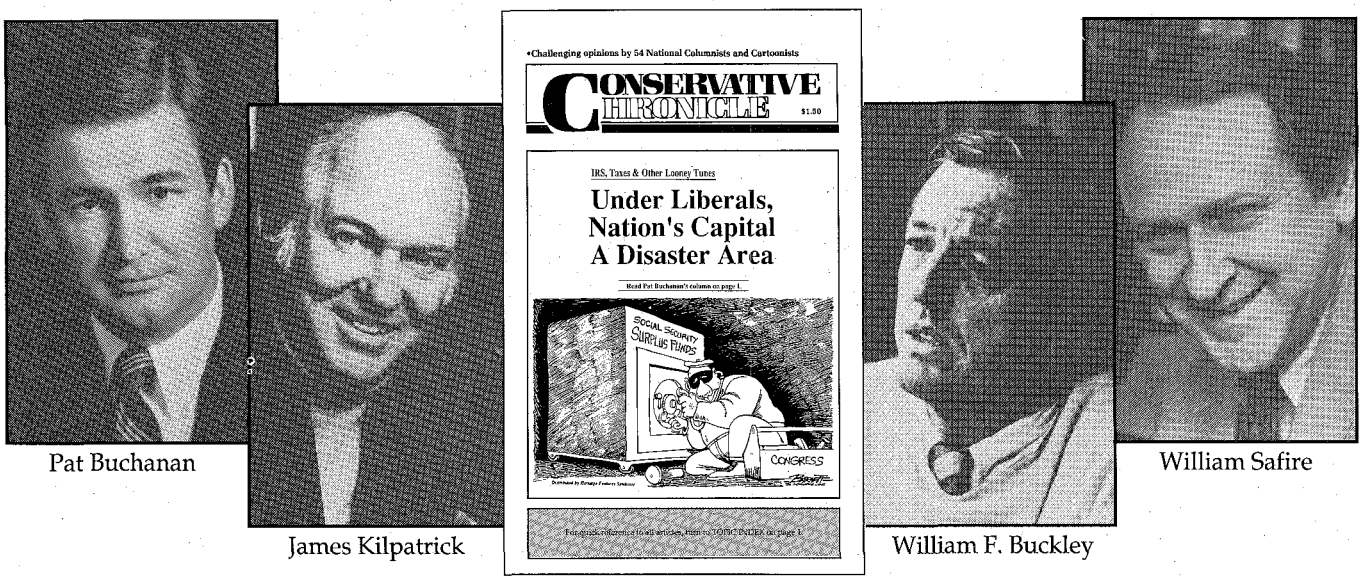

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noid shrew who happened on one of her husband's notebooks—which contains records of his conversations with another woman, a lover, all taking place in the separate apartment he keeps as an office. Up until this point, we've taken it for granted that he used this apartment also as a secret trysting place, throwing an exercise mat on the floor to serve as a bed. Confronted with his wife's suspicions, though, Philip explains that the notebook contains only notes for a novel he's working on.

The encounter explains a lot about what Mr. Roth is up to here. He wants us to wonder whether *Deception* is an instance of fiction about fiction; of, in the jargon, "metafiction." Is Philip, the fictional creation of Philip Roth, lying? Or again, and perhaps more to the point: Did *real-life* Philip Roth have an affair behind Claire Bloom's back? No doubt that possibility is meant to entice. Its experimental pretensions aside, this is the kind of book only a celebrity could write. For any of it really to interest you, you must be fascinated by Roth for Roth's sake.

Self-references within self-references: Roth's games-playing amounts to a kind of broken record of self-absorption. But we read fiction to be moved in some way, not merely to be impressed by a clever author and his desk-drawerful of literary tricks. Not surprisingly, the result you get from all these tricks is a degree of emotional shallowness unprecedented in Roth's other work. □

MEN AND MANNERS

Men Who Love Hummels Too Much

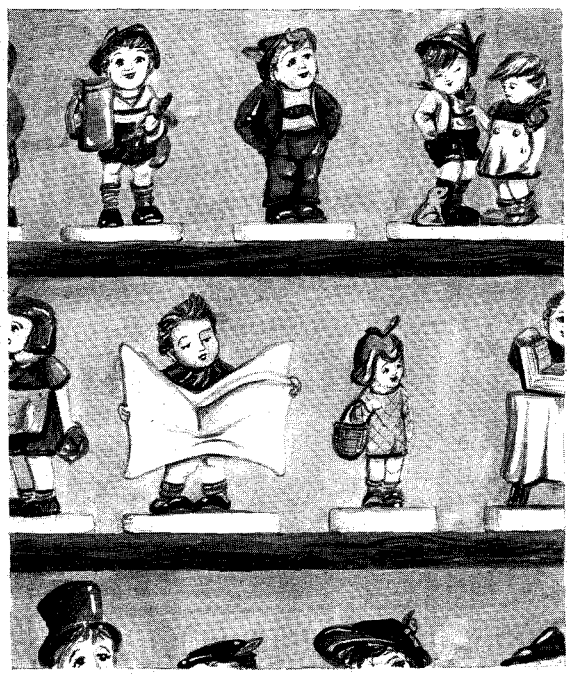
CHRISTOPHER CORBETT

I AM THE Adult Child of a Hummel Collector, ACOHC as they explained to me at the rehab up in Minnesota. The scales fell from my eyes as I sat in those smoke-filled rooms with a cup of lukewarm Sanka listening to others with my problem. We are not alone. Adult Children of Golfers were there. Adult Children of Afghan Makers. Adult Children of Knick-Knack Collectors.

Around our house Hummels came first, not us kids. When I came home from school Mom wasn't baking cookies in the kitchen, she was in the living room dusting *The Merry Wanderer* and *The Little Fiddler*; paging through another mail-order Hummel catalogue, talking Hummels with her friends, a faraway look in her eye. Sometimes she talked to the Hummels. To *The Flower Madonna* she confided everything.

I'll never forget being in the third-grade Christmas pageant. All the other moms were there, except mine. No, not my mom. *She'd* gone to the Hummel show over to Elm City, because Hummels came first. Thing like that'll scar you for life.

Well, I grew up and got away from Mom and Hummels. I thought I'd put all that behind me, but I was wrong. I'd seen this show on the cable, it was public television with Louis Rukeyser —*Hummels: The Nineties* with Carl Icahn, John Kenneth Galbraith, Keikichi Honda, and Christie Hefner.



Joseph Borzotta

And that's how I made Hummels my investment strategy.

Keikichi Honda was the tipoff. I figured anything the Japanese had an eye on had to be a good deal. And I knew my Hummels.

Pretty soon I was buying them on margin. Hummel futures. Junk Hummels. Cheap Mexican Hummels. Buy low, sell high. I'd get hold of an 18-wheeler load of *Little Hikers* and write my own ticket. But that was back before '87. That set me back. I hit my bottom.

I had Hummels on the brain. Every cent I could lay my hands on went into Hummels. I couldn't drive past a flea market or a white-elephant sale without stopping. I was out of control. I took a cash payout on my kid's life insurance.

It wasn't a daily thing. I could go for brief periods of time without Hummels. I thought I could stop anytime I wanted. But then, one day, without warning, I woke up in a motel in Richmond with a cardboard box of Hummels and no idea where I'd been for three days.

Next thing I knew I was in a place in Minnesota for people who just couldn't stop collecting stuff. My roommate was a guy from the Akron area who'd poured his life savings into Elvis Presley commemorative plates, believing they were as good as Kruggerrands.

I learned up in Minnesota that it's a family disease. Dad was a victim too. An *enabler* is what my counselor called it. Dad gave Mom the money to buy Hummels. Of course their marriage was dysfunctional at this point. Mom slept in her room with the Hummels. Dad was up in the guest room. Hummels had destroyed their marriage. I can remember the first time I shared this with other ACOHCs. I just broke down. I told them I used to lie awake at night thinking about getting a hammer and going after those Hummels. I had to get into some pretty complicated therapy up there. They told me I was co-dependent on Hummels. Imagine that.

Of course I was still toxic. They had me on the floor weeping in the fetal position. I needed Rage Therapy to deal with my shame. There's a lot of shame here, and some pretty radical treatment. They put me in a room full of Hummels, gave me a 47-inch Louis-

Mr. Corbett is James Thurber Journalist-in-Residence at Ohio State University, and the author of Vacationland *(Viking).*

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ville slugger, and let me work off some steam.

My brothers? They're not ready yet. They're still in denial. My younger brother, Ernie, pretends the whole thing never happened. My other brother, Bernie, is in real trouble. He took to dressing up like a Hummel. *The Apple Tree Boy*. You might know it? Let me tell you, that'll turn some heads at the K-Mart over to Elm City. Speaks with a German accent now, too. Got his cheeks all rouged up. We may have to have an intervention with Bernie. He's real borderline.

So's Mom. She's living back home alone now with just her Hummels. All I can do is pray for her and the boys.

But Dad's going to be just fine. He's detaching himself from the whole sorry mess. He moved out. Been staying in the Econo Lodge or with his sister. He's going to Hummel Anon twice a week. He's taking care of Dad. And he has come to realize it's not Mom's fault. It's a disease.

I'm living one day at a time without Louis Rukeyser, trying to put my life together. Had to get the cable out of the house, of course. I'm off the tabloids. Can't have *Family Circle* in the House. Or *Grit*.

But otherwise I'm doing just fine. My first book, *Men Who Love Hummels Too Much*, is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection. I'm working on the second book, *Letters from Men Who Love Hummels Too Much*. There's thousands of us out here. I've had to get clerical help just to keep up with the mail.

I'm thinking about opening my own place, for people with my problem. My ship's come in. □

JAZZ

Miles off the Mark

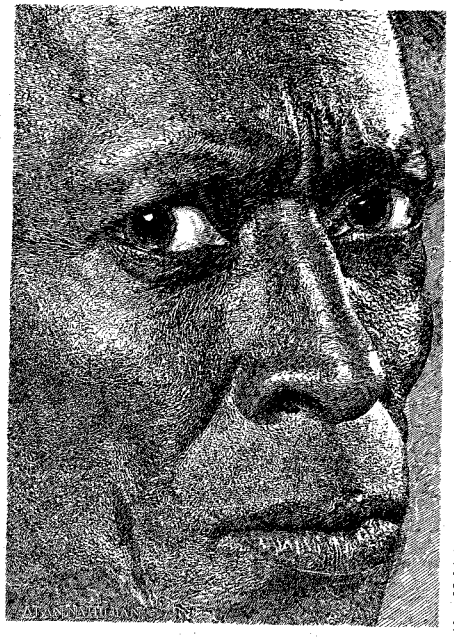
TONY OUTHWAITE

LATELY, Miles Davis has been appearing in TV commercials. His messages, delivered in the celebrated semi-whisper, are brief: "Later I'll play—maybe," and "Very cool—like me." This is the same image he has taken pains to project ever since the 1950s; the mystique of the renegade, aloof from audiences, bad-mouthing other musicians—a black James Dean in a speeding sports car, the police in pursuit. But whereas once there was a genuine, significant musical presence, it now seems the mystique has taken center stage.

Throughout the 1980s, the real high-roller was Miles Davis the legend, not Miles Davis the jazz trumpeter. He had won Grammys for his albums *We Want Miles* (1982), *Decoy* (1983), and *Tutu* (1986). Then at this year's Grammys he received an award for his 1989 album *Aura*, plus a Lifetime Achievement Award.

During the Eighties he wrote music for two undistinguished films (*Street Smart* and *Siesta*), and made some guest appearances on television (*Saturday Night Live*, *Miami Vice*). He dined at the White House with President Reagan, saw his paintings the subject of several one-man shows here and abroad, and had problems with women, drugs, alcohol, diabetes, and a stroke. He expounded on it all in last year's windy autobiography, *Miles*. The publication party was held at Indigo Blues, a New York jazz club. Appropriately, Mr. Davis failed to appear.

In the hands of a resourceful player, the jazz trumpet makes many sounds.



Alan Nahigian

It can be fiery, joyful, strident, melancholy, wistful, or mysterious. Although criticized in his formative years (between 1945 and 1948, when he played with Charlie Parker and Billy Eckstine) for having a weak sound, uncertain technique, and a slowness to master new material, Davis chose to follow the counsel of an early teacher to "play fast and light." He restricted himself as advised, and it was the right decision for a musician of his limitations. The understated, somewhat pinched sound became the "cool" rage of the 1950s, and remains his style today.

And there was more. He could be unpredictable. He had a genuine talent for improvisation. And he had a gift for choosing talented sidemen. His first creative peak came between 1954 and 1959, when he surrounded himself with saxophonists John Coltrane and Cannonball Adderly, pianists Bill Evans and Red Garland, bassist Paul Chambers, and drummer Jimmy Cobb. In 1963 he put together another superb group, featuring Herbie Hancock on piano, George Coleman and later Wayne Shorter on tenor sax, Ron Carter on bass, and Tony Williams on drums. But after wholesale personnel changes in 1968, Davis began to veer sharply off course.

When the album *Bitches Brew* was released in 1969, many musicians and critics were aghast by Mr. Davis's incorporation of elements of rock 'n' roll. Some were more tolerant. Trumpeter Clark Terry commented: "Miles has always wanted to stay abreast of the times"; Mr. Terry even spoke of "bravery," although his remarks may have been more a response to the memory of the rough treatment he and other be-bop musicians had received when that style was new nearly half-a-century ago. Such praise as *Bitches Brew* did receive was often idolatrous, and indulged in such encomiums as "life rhythms," "cosmic marrow," and "mojo," none of which has anything to do with music. What one actually heard was the still-eloquent Davis trumpet overpowered by a whirlpool of gurgling synthesizers, overamplified rock guitars, and funky drumming better suited to a combo playing a fraternity-house party.

What remains is the rebel nastiness and the far-out clothes, and what is discussed is less the music and more the period of seclusion between 1975 and 1980—again, the mystery. The ill-

Mr. Outhwaite is a New York literary agent who writes frequently about jazz.

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advised ventures into new musical forms may have perpetuated the idea that Miles Davis is our eccentric grand master, but the sad truth reveals the degeneration of innovator into borrower, of trendsetter into eclectic poseur, of creative musician into music-industry celebrity. Miles Davis is a major figure in the history of jazz, one of the first to establish the "cool" style (in his collaborations with the late pianist-composer Gil Evans in 1949-1950), one of the first to make extensive use of the flugelhorn, a pioneer in the use of modal themes and of segueing from one number to another without a break, but the preoccupation with synthesizers, wah-wah pedals, and other electronic gadgetry, and the attempt to pass off the use of rock clichés as evidence of artistic evolution, are arguably the very opposites of innovation.

Sometimes a heralded step forward in style can represent two giant backward steps in content. Miles Davis recently turned 64, and he is not too old to correct the missteps made since 1969, but first he'll have to deal with his own mystique. □

SOUND ON DISC

Beethoven & the Piano Sonatas

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

BEETHOVEN's piano sonatas, the musicologist Paul Henry Lang wrote, are "among the main pillars of our musical culture." They are that, but more importantly they are an astonishing and awe-inspiring achievement. Whatever time may have elapsed between the composition of the various sonatas, they are a musical unit in which one score seems to flow into the next developmentally. In each succeeding sonata, Beethoven enlarged the scope of his utterance and pushed harder to exhaust the resources of the piano, leaving us with a kind of autobiography expressing his musical and emotional growth. This is particularly apparent if one has the patience and the fortitude to listen to the sonatas in one uninterrupted sitting, as I have done. I do not recommend this, however, because it invites the kind of satiety that would seize anyone foolish enough to try to see all the paintings in Leningrad's Hermitage in one afternoon.

What strikes you, whether you listen to the sonatas singly or *seriatim*, is that they are an expression of Beethoven's lifelong war with the piano, an instrument against which he directed his loving and tumultuous rages. "It is and will always be an unsatisfactory instrument," he said, as he went about proving just the opposite. His battles with the piano were, in truth, lovers' quarrels. Only a lover of the piano could have revolutionized the style and technique of playing, and then labored so to impart his knowledge to others. In his autobiography, Carl Czerny—whose finger exercises have driven students to frenzy and their families to madness—describes how Beethoven showed his ten-year-old pupil "something still unknown to most players, the only correct position of the hands and fingers and, in particular, how to use the thumb. Then he called my attention to the *legato*, which he himself controlled to such an incomparable degree, and which at the time all other pianists regarded as impossible of execution on the fortepiano, for even after Mozart's day the choppy, short, detached manner of playing was the fashion." His contemporaries have also described the power and tempestuousness of Beethoven's playing, as well as its delicacy—and his roar of delight after a particularly fine improvisation.

Richard Ware

Gaudeamus igitur. Now the full cycle of the Beethoven piano sonatas has been recorded on seven CDs, and *gaudeamus* again that the task was entrusted to Paul Badura-Skoda, who expresses his great knowledge of Beethoven on the fortepianos extant during the composer's lifetime and for which he composed. Others have recorded the sonata cycle—most notably Artur Schnabel, years ago for HMV. But however grateful we may have then been for Schnabel's dedicated work, he lacked both the technique and the intuition to serve Beethoven fully, and he read the scores with the eyes of a nineteenth-century romantic rather than an eighteenth-century genius bringing classicism to its culmination.

Badura-Skoda, on the other hand, works himself into Beethoven's psyche. He is aided, of course, by not having to contend with the resonances of the modern concert grand. There are passages in the last sonatas that were considered unplayable—and were so, on the concert grand—but they become manageable and lucid on the fortepiano as played by Badura-Skoda. But beyond this, there is an empathy in his playing, a symbiosis, which illuminates both the thunderous passages in the *Waldstein* and the tranquillity of the last sonatas, the declamatory passages and the lyricism which pervades these scores. There was poetry in Rudolf Serkin's reading of the sonatas, but after you hear Badura-Skoda you realize that poetry is not enough, that it is deceptive. We can only surmise how Beethoven played these sonatas, but in that surmise, we can hear Paul Badura-Skoda. (Astree E 8693 to E 8699, distributed by Harmonia Mundi, 3364 S. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90034; 213-559-0802.)

■ To listen to Vladimir Horowitz is to recall T. S. Eliot's lines: "We have been, let us say, to hear the latest Pole / Transmit the Preludes through his hair and fingertips." What Horowitz transmitted through his hair, when he had it, and his fingertips was not the preludes or whatever else might be on the program, but Horowitz himself, his personality distilled

Mr. Toledano is an NR *contributing editor and author of a forthcoming autobiography.*

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through his playing. His mastery of the piano was such that mass audiences hardly complained when he made little Horowitzes of Mozart, Haydn, or even Chopin. In the postwar years, that audience was deserted by musicians and critics; many agreed with Virgil Thomson's dismissal of Horowitz as a "master of distortion and exaggeration." There was some connection between composer and performer only when he played Liszt. Now Sony, which in its initial CD issues is releasing some of the great performances of the past, gives us Horowitz's last recording. It includes Haydn's Piano Sonata in E Flat Major—or so we are told, since never in phrasing, tempos, dynamics, or perceptions does it bear any relation to Papa Haydn's score. There are also a half-dozen mazurkas, nocturnes, and études—Horowitz throughout—a Liszt transcription of a Bach cantata, and a Liszt transcription of Wagner's *Liebestod*—in short, a typical Horowitz program, in which we mourn that his musicianship never matched his technique. (Sony Classical SK45818.)

■ "I am more and more convinced that music is not, in essence, a thing which can be cast into a traditional and fixed form," Debussy wrote. "It is made up of colors and rhythms." And of one of his own works: "It is elusive, and consequently cannot be handled like a robust symphony which walks on all fours." Elusive some of it is, but much of it walks, if not on all fours, then on two very firm feet. Its colors are those of the French Impressionists, whose painting was imbued with Parisian light, and its rhythms enfold the subtleties of French symbolist verse. Only in *Iberia*—which, Manuel de Falla noted, was written not in Spanish *style* but *en español*—is there a different coloration and beat. If you listen carefully to the beautifully fashioned performance of Debussy's *Images*, *Nuages*, *Fêtes*, and *Sirènes* by Charles Dutoit, conducting the Orchestre Symphonique de Montréal, you may wonder how such finely grained music, bringing together the innovations, the voices and moods, and the contrasting chromatics of the post-Romantic era, could have been written by an ill-bred, ill-mannered curmudgeon like Debussy. Yet he was perhaps the last bearer of musical greatness, with the possible exception of Stravinsky. All who followed him were but his less talented children. Listening to these pieces you will realize how much the "modernists" owe him. (London 425-502-2.)

■ For excellence and beauty of performance, and for the sweep and lyricism of the music, I commend a new recording of several Schubert sonatas, a fantaisie, and a rondo for piano and violin. These works are rich in lovely melodic invention and harmonic felicity, though from time to time their structure may falter. In this recording, Isaac Stern is paired with Daniel Barenboim. Stern is, of course, the star—for who can resist the superlative technique and musical perceptiveness with which he puts bow to strings? But there can be no complaints about the musicianship of Barenboim either. (Sony Classical S24 44504.) □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

China: Alive in the Bitter Sea, by Fox Butterfield (Times Books, 492 pp., $24.95)

EIGHT YEARS AGO, *New York Times* reporter Fox Butterfield gave us the single best book on life in Communist China. Shortly before the democracy movement began there last spring, students and professors at Peking University had asked Butterfield to write a new introduction, for a Chinese edition. A good sign, Butterfield thought; the previous prohibition of his book by Party officials had been vigorously enforced.

Before he could say yes, the People's Liberation Army crushed the student democracy movement. Now, a year after the Tiananmen tragedy, his book, *China: Alive in the Bitter Sea*, has been reissued, with a very worthwhile epilogue.

Butterfield reports that the last decade was one of unprecedented prosperity for China. But despite the strides toward private enterprise, the increased freedom to travel, the influx of Western goods (and evils), and the burgeoning legal system, the repressive Communist Party apparatus kept a firm grip on power.

Absolute power translated inevitably into absolute corruption. "Nepotism," Butterfield writes, "had become so rampant that diplomats and scholars analyzing the power struggle in Peking must now pay as much attention to an official's family lineage as to the more conventional factors like his factional allegiances and his ideological predilections." When the Reagan Administration complained to Chinese leaders about the sale of missiles to Iran, a senior Chinese official responded, "What can you do, it's the kids"—they have become freelance arms dealers. The son of Yang Shangkun, executive secretary of the Party Military Commission, was the commander of the unit that did so much of the shooting at Tiananmen.

苦海余生

And, Butterfield observes, the decision to quash the demonstrations was as much a result of noble families fighting for survival as it was of the Party hierarchy trying to save face.

The student uprising was merely a culmination of a decade of discontent and frustration living under such controlled conditions. Overnight China was transmogrified into the Orwellian days of the Cultural Revolution, when one 16-year-old girl told Butterfield, "I don't like to go to the zoo. . . . It reminds me of how we Chinese are trapped."

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TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney

1 C	2 F		3 I	4 A	5 B		6 K	7 M	8 H		9 L	10 D	11 I	12 J
	13 O	14 G		15 L	16 E		17 A	18 F	19 D	20 K	21 G	22 B	23 O	24 H
25 F	26 J		27 C	28 N		29 A	30 E	31 G	32 B	33 I	34 K		35 M	36 D
37 L	38 F	39 C	40 B	41 G	42 K	43 H		44 J	45 C		46 L	47 I	48 O	49 C
50 K	51 M	52 E	53 F	54 A	55 G		56 J	57 K		58 M	59 F	60 C	61 H	62 B
63 D		64 G	65 J	66 A	67 E	68 M	69 L	70 B	71 I		72 D	73 G		74 H
75 F	76 I	77 E		78 C	79 B	80 L	81 F	82 A	83 G	84 N	85 I	86 J	87 D	
88 C	89 O		90 K	91 H	92 D		93 N	94 D	95 O	96 M	97 C	98 F	99 E	
100D	101G	102K	103C	104H		105M	106G		107I	108A	109D		110F	111J
112G	113L	114B		115A	116C	117B		118E	119L	120A				

DEFINITIONS

A. Rural living quarters — 115 4 82 120 108 54 17 66 29

B. Like some of Liszt's works — 117 32 62 22 5 70 114 79 40

C. Universal peace symbol (2 words) — 116 78 88 49 97 27 45 39 103 60 1

D. Old Testament oldtimer — 87 109 100 36 10 72 92 63 94 19

E. Hieroglyphic language — 118 30 99 52 67 77 16

F. Noted president of Columbia U., and elsewhere — 25 53 98 81 18 75 59 110 2 38

G. Smith's home — 106 73 112 31 101 83 21 64 41 14 55

H. More correct, especially for conservatives — 43 61 104 91 74 8 24

I. Rudimentary — 85 71 11 3 47 76 107 33

J. African antelopes with corkscrewlike horns (var.) — 12 111 65 26 56 44 86

K. Chafe — 102 57 34 50 90 20 6 42

L. According to Scripture — 15 119 80 113 69 46 37 9

M. Composed of lines of like metrical form — 58 68 105 51 7 96 35

N. Isle of eastern England — 93 84 28

O. Stacks, as in chairs — 48 23 95 13 89

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 54 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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OFF THE RECORD

Tax Collectors for the Welfare State? Next to the President's waffle, the most disappointing thing for conservatives anxiously watching the budget summit has been the way their leaders appear to have been sucked in by the process. The day after a resolution sponsored by Representative Dick Armey (R., Tex.) opposing tax increases to fight the deficit was passed overwhelmingly by the House Republican Conference, Minority Whip Newt Gingrich (R., Ga.) was quoted in the *Washington Post* as telling Democratic negotiators that he was "prepared to sponsor and support" legislation to do just what his House colleagues had explicitly rejected. The other conservative summiteer, Senator Phil Gramm (R., Tex.), also pooh-poohed the Conference vote, calling it "meaningless."

The next day Congressman Gingrich said he'd been quoted out of context, but the right is more than a little suspicious of his intentions these days. You don't see Senator Mitchell (D., Me.) or Speaker Tom Foley (D., Wash.) in the papers saying they would "consider" cuts in entitlements or complaining that they've been misquoted. The fear among conservatives is that those who are in on the deal will feel compelled to go along with it. There is even talk of running advertisements in Atlanta newspapers attacking Gingrich for going back on his own anti-tax pledges. As one GOP congressman told Cato, "We want to know whether Newt sees his job as Whip as representing House Republicans to the President or whether it's to sell the President's program to us."

The Gay Nineties. Senator Jesse Helms (R., N.C.) received some unexpected campaign help in mid July when a group of six protestors from the militant gay-rights group ACT UP was arrested after staging a "kiss-in" at his office in 403 Dirksen. The senator, it seems, has become public enemy number one of the gay community, which is pushing a boycott of Miller beer and Marlboro cigarettes because they are subsidiaries of Philip Morris, which has donated $7,500 to Senator Helms's re-election campaign and another $175,000 to a Helms library in North Carolina. It doesn't matter that Miller has donated some $600,000 to AIDS research.

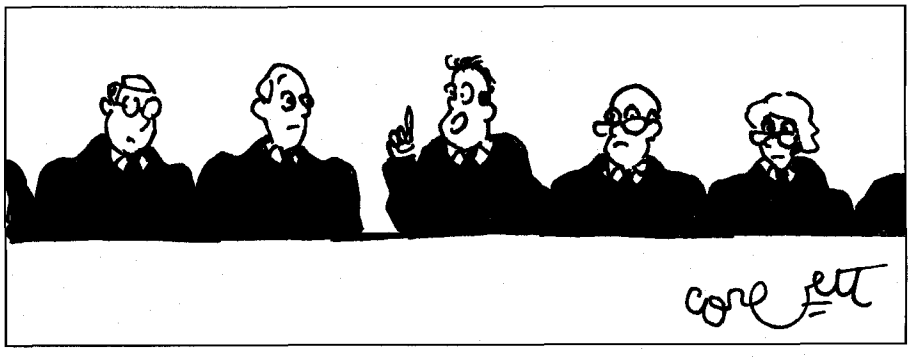
The six protestors entered the senator's mailroom and refused to leave. Within minutes the Capitol Hill police arrived, but there was a delay in arresting the protestors because the police needed the authorization of the administrative assistant, who was at lunch. Gay-rights activists have vowed to show up at every event the senator attends, which would almost guarantee his re-election.

The Jury's Still Out. If you think Mayor Marion Barry doesn't have a chance of acquittal, think again. He has charged that the case against him stems from a Justice Department plot to "get" black leaders, and he was quick to issue a triumphant press release when D.C. contractor John B. Clyburn—who had similarly charged that the case against *him* had "racial underpinnings"—was acquitted of bribery and conspiracy charges involving city contracts. The other day Cato was almost struck in the head by a stray champagne cork coming from a nearby table at Mo and Joe's restaurant, where Mr. Clyburn was celebrating the verdict with the jury that had acquitted him, itself an indication of the climate in the capital city. Not that it's illegal for a defendant to take his ex-jurors to lunch, but it's not exactly kosher.

No Blarney. The Ancient Order of Hibernians, the 120,000-strong organization of Irish Catholics in America, sided with John Cardinal O'Connor in his battle against "personally opposed but . . ." Catholic politicians by voting overwhelmingly at its mid-July convention to can any member who publicly supports abortion. Two weeks earlier and for the same reason, the AOH had disinvited Representative Joseph Kennedy (D., Mass.) as its banquet speaker, though the Kennedy line is that he's not attending because of a scheduling conflict. The rebuff sent to Representative Kennedy is all the more striking in that, unlike many other Irish pols, Kennedy the Younger has taken a strong interest in Northern Ireland, and his Brit-bashing has made him a popular figure with organizations like the AOH.

The Fourth Estate. For the last few months the folks who run the National Press Club have been under pressure to rename the H. L. Mencken Library. The problem is the recently published Mencken diaries, which showed the Bard of Baltimore to be, shall we say, pre–Alan Alda in his views. Now the Club has announced that the name of the library will be changed to honor Eric Friedheim, who recently donated $1 million, earmarked for the library, to the National Press Foundation. The official Club line is that the name change was in the works before the Mencken flap occurred. Yet Cato has it from a board member that he knew nothing about this—and that the generous Mr. Friedheim had not asked for his name to replace Mencken's. Ladies and gentlemen of the press, what did you know and when did you know it?

—CATO



"Hey! Suppose we consider the First Amendment allegorically!"

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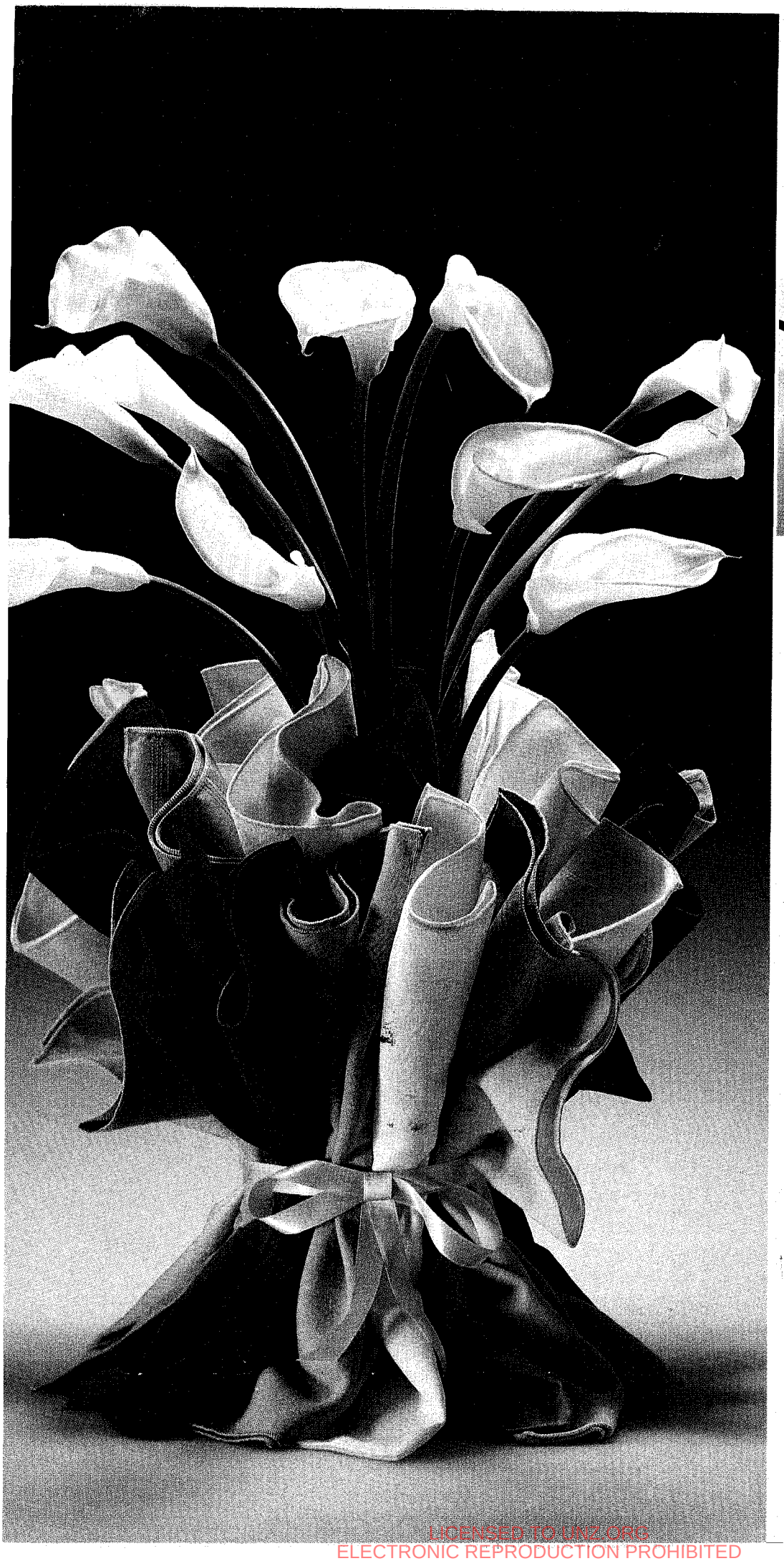

Tablelinens of Visa.® Take your pick.

Go ahead—enjoy high-fashion tablelinens in your life every day. These are high-performance Visa tablelinens. And they don't have to be reserved for special occasions.

The Visa family of fine tablelinens offers you hundreds of fashion colors, styles and textures to choose from. So you can dress up your table anytime with the same flair you bring to the rest of your home.

And the extraordinary Visa easy-care performance features are built right in:

- Stains wash out
- Colors stay bright, whites stay white
- Little or no ironing is needed

It's enough to make you retire your "other" tablelinens forever. Because when you think of it, life's too short to entertain with anything but Visa.

®Visa is a registered trademark of Milliken & Company for fabrics.

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